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Daybreak.

Into the vast unknown,
Under the morning skies,
Out where the diamond dew
Thick on the meadow lies;

Fresh, swift and strong, upborn
Like birds in eager flight,
On through the fragrant dawn,
Or through the rosy light.

So do our spirits soar
Far up and far away,
Into the vast unknown,
Into the golden day.

Drifting Down.

Drifting down in the gray-green twilight,
Oh, the scent of the new-mown hay!
Soft drip the oars in the mystic sky-light,
Oh, the charm of the dying day!
While fading flecks of bright opalescence
But faintly dapple a saffron sky,
The stream flows on with superb quiescence,
The breeze is hushed to the softest sigh.
Drifting down in the sweet still weather,
Oh, the fragrance of fair July!
Love, me love, when we drift together,
Oh, how fleetly the moments fly!

Drifting down on the dear old river,
Oh, the music that interweaves!
The ripples run and the sledges shiver,
Oh, the song of the lazy leaves!
And far-off sounds—for the night so clear is—
Awake the echoes of bygone times;
The muffled roar of the distant weir is
Cheered by the clang of the merry chimes,
Drifting down in the cloudless weather,
Oh, how short is the summer day!
Love, me love, when we drift together,
Oh, how quickly we drift away!

Drifting down as the night advances,
Oh, the calm of the starlit skies!
Eyelids droop o'er the half shy glances,
Oh, the light in those blue-gray eyes!
A winsome maiden is sweetly singing
A dreamy song in a minor key;
Her clear low voice and its tones are bringing
A mingled melody back to me,
Drifting down in the clear calm weather,
Oh, how sweet is the maiden's song!
Love, me love, when we drift together,
Oh, how quickly we drift along!

Gray Hairs and Golden Head.

Gray Hairs and Golden Head walked up the village street together under the lilac blossoms in the bright spring weather. There were lilacs here, lilacs there, lilacs everywhere. They nodded over the low garden walls; by many a cottage window their purple clusters tossed so thickly a young girl's eyes could scarce be seen beyond, smiling across them at her passing lover.

The two loiterers spoke little to each other, only a word now and then, like two who were content with silence and their own thoughts, till they reached a garden gate into which the young girl turned.

"Well, good-bye, Mr. Norcroft. You have been such a help to us! There's no use trying to thank you!"

"Good-bye, Miss Percival."

She had made a movement to go in, but something in this gray-haired man's voice, his blank look as he answered her, made gentle Anne Percival hesitate.

She glanced about her.

"How heavy this scent of the lilacs seems in the air this morning. Wait one moment, Mr. Norcroft. My lilacs are no prettier than the others, but you shall have a bunch from my own favorite tree."

She pulled down a great bough and nodded at him across it. Golden Hair looking at him across a bunch of lilacs! His soft eyes smiling—would he ever forget that?

She brought him a spray.

"They are quite pretty and fresh now, but no flower fades so quickly as the lilac. You must get its sweetness now."

Stephen Norcroft took the flowers without a word, but his look would have been a thousand times sweeter than any thanks to one that loved him. The strong spring sunshine was all about him as he passed down the street. It touched his gray hair and his sad old face with a foreign brightness that was more pathetic than any sorrow of youth could have been.

He began talking in a low voice to himself:

"There is not so very much difference in our ages—not so very much as some might think. And I could make her happy. How could she help being happy with one who worships her? Oh, I would try, and I should be young again—I feel young now!"

So he went dreaming on. Strong life was in the air about him. One could almost hear the green leaves as they uncurled from the tight-rolled buds. He could see the tower of Saint Mark's down there with its line of white tombstones on either side; each morning and evening he rang its chime of bells; there were only three of them, but the villagers said that Stephen Norcroft got the music of three times that number out of them, he rang them so deftly. And beyond that was the strong-beating river going to the sea, and the lumbermen sending their great rafts of sweet-smelling oak and pine down it, helping to make the commerce of a world.

Should he not speak? Why should he not speak. He remembered.

"Ha, old dreamer!"—a quick step on the walk behind him—a strong hand descending on his shoulder and sending him a step or two stumbling forward—"what misty dream are you nursing now? Oh, I beg your pardon."

There was that in the vague light of the eyes, in the pained expression of the sensitive face turned toward him that stirred in young Rick Sheridan a sense of something out of place in this rough greeting. His handsome face flushed slightly in his shame.

"I beg your pardon most sincerely, Mr. Norcroft. Did I disturb you?"

"Oh! no, no! I was only dreaming, as usual. I had lost myself a little. Now that you are here we will walk together if you have time. There's something I want to say to you."

He slipped his arm in that of the younger man. Rick slackened his quick steps to suit the slower pace of his companion.

"I was going over on the other side, of an errand, but I can give you a little time. It's early yet."

They strolled along together for a moment in silence. Rick noticed that Stephen Norcroft's face had grown pale—he seemed tired—yet strangely excited. Perhaps it would be better if he himself were to speak first.

"Splendid weather, is not it? The picnics and children's parties will be coming on with a rush if this holds."

"Picnics? Oh, yes! As I was saying, there is something I wish to tell you, Sheridan. I want your opinion, too! But first you must promise not to laugh at me. No matter what I say you are not to laugh me! Do you promise?"

"I certainly will not laugh at you," answered young Sheridan, with a smile, hiding a good deal of wonder as best he could.

"Well, then, look at me now. Look sharp!" Stephen Norcroft pushed the thin locks of soft hair back from his face with a nervous gesture. "Do you think, looking at me just as an outsider, you know, do you think I look so very old? If you did not know would you think my years so very many?"

The young man stared at him in sheer, blank amazement.

"Old—why?"

"If it were not for my gray hairs now!—do they look so very gray, Sheridan—in the shadow one would scarcely notice their being gray, would one? and, aside from that, I scarcely show age, metimes. Eh?"

He spoke so eagerly, he looked so much in earnest, so piteous that young Rick pitied him; he pitied him with all his generous, passionate young heart.

"Age—gray hairs! Why, I believe I've got gray hairs myself. I'm sure I should not be surprised any morning to get up and find my brown wig turning. They don't count—just a few silver threads. And as for years, you are as young as any of us, old fellow! I should not put you now at more than—"

"Never mind that," Stephen Norcroft interrupted him, hastily. "I've not told you the whole story yet. I don't know why I trust you speaking of this, but I do trust you. Aside from my gray hairs there is nothing of the look of age about me, and if—if I, loving a young girl, beautiful as the day, one refined and sweet, if I ask her to be my wife—my loved and honored wife—would she, looking at these," a little hesitation here as he put a thin hand up to those poor silver threads, so beautiful did he but know it, "would she, do you fancy, looking at these, scorn me?"

"Ah!" Rick Sheridan drew a long breath. His own handsome, clear young face had changed slightly with a startled, white look. "Ah, that's it, is it?"

"Mind, you know, this is no sudden thing." The older man put his hand, with an eager expression, on the other's shoulder. "I have known her a long time. I've watched her and seen her in all her moods. She is good and gentle and sweet—one who makes you think of ministering angels. When I ring the bells down yonder I imagine the great notes take up her name and carry it up, up! I can hear them say, "Anna—Nannie—N'Annette—sweet Anne, sweet Anne Percival!"

"You are speaking of Miss Percival?" Rick's voice was cold now, his eyes hard and looking fixedly straight ahead.

"It is an old man's fancy, just an old and childish man's childish fancy," Stephen went on, not heeding him. "But I could make her happy. I would only live for her, Rick. If she would be my wife, my little light of life would soon burn out. An old fellow like me can't expect to live so very many years longer, and I would leave everything to her. I have money—I could make her rich. You didn't know that, Richard?"

"And it would only be for a little while with me," he went on, eagerly, piteously pleading his age now as he had plead for youth before.

"You think women are so mercenary, then," said Rick, with his eyes still cold and hard. "Do you imagine that love, or even devotion, can be bought with money?"

"Mercenary?"—the gray-haired lover seemed to wake up out of a dream. "No; I don't think that of her, but still it has weight. It would not seem so much as if she were throwing her life, or the best years of it, away. There would be some recompense. She could do good with money, and she thinks of that always. Look here!" He opened his coat and took out of it a spray of lilac. "She gave me this not an hour ago. It is fading now; she said it would fade soon, but her look, her smile, her gentle, happy voice as she spoke—the memory of those can never fade; I shall carry that to my grave with me—just the memory of a young girl's lovely eyes smiling at me across a bunch of lilacs."

"Good-bye! I think I must go now," said Richard Sheridan, roughly. It was getting intolerable—this old man's dream of love, told with such happy confidence as if there could fall no shadow upon it. Let him select some other listener, if a listener was all he wanted.

But Gray Hairs did not notice this. It was his own hour of sunshine. Let him breathe it unrebuked.

"Just a young girl's lovely eyes, smiling across the sunlight and above the flowers on one that loved her. Even one memory like that would be enough for some lives, enough to remember without asking for more. And if that is to be all—all—for me, I, too, will be content to die—die unrepining!"

"Well, I'm off now. I really must go!"

Rick turned abruptly away. He tried to say something of good-will; he strove to speak some word of friendly parting—good luck or Godspeed him in his wooing—but he found it impossible. He could not lie. There was no good-will in his heart toward this man of the silvered hair, who was talking of love for "sweet Anne Percival" to him.

"Must you go? Wait!" Stephen stretched out an eager hand. "There is another thing."

"No," cried out Rick. "Don't—don't tell me anything else. I wish, on my soul, that you had not trusted me with this. You don't know me. How can you say I shall serve you more than harm you?"

"I'll risk it; and it's only a little thing. You know how fond she is of reading. Don't you remember that little purple-and-gold volume of poems I gave her, how she read it, how she praised and wept over it—over one poem in particular? It was one morning in the garden—"

"Yes," said Rick, wondering.

"I can hear her tears fall even now. Oh, how I loved her for the gentle pity she showed for the lover's sorrow I had written of there!"

"You?"

"I wrote them, yes—those poems! They are mine—my work—the work of lonely nights and restless, empty days, when I could only dream of her, remember her! I wrote them—all of them. The book is my memory of her, of sweet Anne Percival—my 'N'Annette!'"

"But, man, how could you? Why, you have thrown a name away, and the praise of all the world. I remember that poem 'To N'Annette'—the one she praised."

"Ah, and was not that enough—her praise. Had she known I wrote them she would not so have told me all her liking of it, all her pity and generous sympathy; even her fault-finding was sweet to me, it was so freely frank, so genuine! Ah, yes! it is enough that I have heard her tears fall on the flowers for N'Annette."

Tears sprang to Rick's eyes, his lips quivered a little as he realized how infinitely below this man he stood, how far above him was this gray-haired lover, who could give so much and ask no recompense except a young girl's tears.

Stephen fumbled in his pocket; he took out a paper.

"Look, here is a bit of a poem I wrote last night for her. I want you to take it and read it to her; mind, some time when I am present. She will say what she thinks of it then."

Rick took the folded paper humbly enough.

"I'll take it, and I'll read it to her as soon as I get a chance. And, look here, Norcroft, I'm glad I have had this talk with you. No matter what comes, even should—should things go against me, I shall be a better man all my life long for this talk with you."

"I'm glad, too, Rick," answered the other, gently.

The two men went their different ways, Rick hurrying, for it was later than he thought.

"He's an old saint," he muttered, "yes he is! I felt as if I ought to kneel and kiss his hand—kiss those poor old gray locks of hair that trouble him so. He is much more worthy of poor little Anne's love than I. And to think he wrote 'N'Annette.' If he wins her—she ought to take him—I can't say anything; but what shall I do? I, too, love her, little 'N'Annette!"

He did not care to go home, so he put away his lathe and carving tools, and locking up things went out to the one restaurant the village boasted. He got his dinner and sat a long time over his cup of coffee, dreaming—dreaming. He told himself he was no poet; he had not the gift of writing, of making fine phrases. Still, there was one noble poem consisting of one noble line, that line of three words; it has been written and sung since life and world and youth were young:

"I love you."

Match that, poets immemorial, if you can!

Rick wrote that down and kissed the words. Oh, tender, truthful words! He wrote them over and over on his sheet of paper.

"I love you. I love you, sweet Anne Percival!"

Then he thrust it back in his pocket and went out, leaving his coffee untasted.

The next morning when Rick was going to his work he met Miss Percival. She stopped.

"Oh, Mr. Sheridan, I have a favor to ask of you. We want your help."

"Yes!"—he stood looking at her. To look at her was enough.

"We want to take the children out on Saturday afternoon for their picnic. You knew we promised them a long time ago, and we want you to go with us."

"I shall be glad to go if you want me, Miss Percival," Rick answered.

"Oh, it is the children; you know how much they think of you. I really don't believe they could be got to go without you!"

"I am glad somebody likes me, and thinks me of some use," he said, humbly.

They both laughed; how beautiful she was in this strong spring sunshine, standing there, straight and slim and tall, speaking to him in her sweet, clear voice.

"Oh, Miss Percival"—she had made a movement to go—"wait one moment. I have a favor to ask of you, now—a little one."

"Yes; that is right."

Rick fumbled in his pocket.

"Here is something I want you to read; you can take it, and I want you to tell me some time, by-and-bye, what you think of it."

He handed her the poem—Ah! poor Stephen.

"I hope it is something interesting," and Miss Percival slipped the folded paper into the book she was carrying. "I will read it."

"Oh, I don't know what you may think of it; you see, I—I naturally want your opinion. That will decide it."

He was speaking with his eyes fixed on the ground. He was striving to be true to his friend—the friend who had said: "But I do trust you!"

Rick felt that his task was hard.

"Your opinion is all I care for about it."

"Then you shall have it. I will give it my very best attention. But it must be something very important, Mr. Sheridan, you are so serious over it."

"Yes, it is; it is!"

They were looking at each other now—the strong and steadfast soul of each shining in the clear brave eyes. The high and passionate love of youth—youth fearless and enduring—leaped in the light of those meeting eyes. There was no mistake in the language now, and each read—content.

So they, too, parted.

* * * * *

Into the dim greenwood, past the sweet, wholesome fields, along the path winding below the hills, past many a nook where last year's leaves lie rotting in a wind-tossed heap, children to sing, 'Oh, happy, happy day," while Stephen Norcroft, with his flute, made sylvan music, and Rick tossed the tired little ones on his broad shoulders, and sweet Anne Percival, with her two matron aids, watched and kept something akin to order in the wild, merry ranks.

"Oh, happy, happy day. And it would end so soon. Still there were other days to come—this might end—but—. Should he speak now? Why should he not speak?

Stephen Norcroft meeting Rick apart, laid a detaining hand on the young fellow's arm.

"Stop, tell me in just one word, did you give her the poem? Has she read it?"

Rick stood stone-still; his face grew cold and pale.

"I thought I could wait," pursued Stephen, "I thought I could bear it still longer, but"—he drew a long breath.

One could see that he was suffering. His thin, sensitive face had seemed to Rick to grow fine and clear—like something purified by fire in these last days.

"In just one minute, old fellow. I'm sorry, but you shall see at once. Wait here."

He cast a quick glance about him; then, darting down a narrow path, across a bit of green turf, around the belt of pine and sweet white birch, he found her.

She was kneeling by a pool of water, cool and clear and green—"Venus' mirror" is it not, what Burne Jones called them—her white arm deep down, pulling at the strong root of sweet-flag growing there.

"I beg your pardon, but I must ask you now did you read the poem I gave you?"

"Yes; I read it!" Oh, how beautiful her blush was saying this.

"You did? And—and what do you think of it?" And he was pleading for another man—he with that voice, with those eyes.

"I thought it was very beautiful—very beautiful—but brief!"

"Oh!" his look fell. "Will you—have you by any chance got it with you, Miss Percival. You see I am not quite sure what was in it. Will you let me see it, please, one moment?"

Strange her face too changed now at this. But she drew out the paper, folded, and without a word handed it to him.

Rick tore it open. What is this? What are the few hurried scribbled words scrawled here—scribbled in his writing over and over:

"I love you! I love you! sweet Anne Percival!"

He glanced up into her face. Their eyes met and that one look was enough. Rick stretched out his arms.

"Oh, it is true! I love you! Come to me—be my wife! Come to me, Anne' dear Anne!"

It was only a step—one step—but it crossed a whole wide world and entered those two into heaven!

* * * * *

"Well!" An hour later Stephen met and faced him. "Well, you have seen her?"

No avoiding the end now; no drawing back and away. Speak the truth, speak boldly, it were better.

Rick grew deadly pale thinking how he must wound this tender soul. He felt a sense of unmerited punishment and pain.

"Yes, I saw her! It's no use, Stephen, for you!"

The happy secret of his own success spoke in the very tones of his voice; it was in the light of his face, in the sparkle of his eyes.

Stephen Norcroft fell back a step, his gray hair fell about his forehead, on his sunken cheeks.

"Traitor!" he cried out. He lifted one long thin hand toward the far blue heaven. "Traitor, and I trusted you!"

* * * * *

A darkness fell upon him now. After the first numb shock had passed he crept away, thinking only that he must hide himself forever from the light of day, from human sight. He followed the hillside path a while, and then, as he was tired, he laid himself down below the birches and the fragrant pine boughs, by the brookside, among the tangled vines.

He was tired. Oh, he was tired; he put his face in the cooling grasses; the light even of the moon and stars shining afar off up there gave him a sense of intolerable pain. Would they shine on forever, when he was so tired, so worn and weary. There was a soft stir of night winds among the pine-tops. He fancied he could hear the bells, his bells of St. Mark's, ringing. Nay, he was ringing them himself—ringing them for Rick and Anne—they were bridal bells, sweet bridal bells; not for him, with his gray hairs. Oh, no, but for Rick and Anne!

And now, what was this? Tender arms were round about him, lifting him up, gentle voices were speaking to him. There were soft tears on his face.

"Stephen! dear old friend—dear friend—look, speak to us! Rouse up—ah!"

Rick and Anne! He was not wholly forsaken, then—he would not be left to die there alone.

"Dear friend! dear Stephen! rouse up—come with us! Oh, you must come! Try; you are not so weak now—try to sit up!"

Anne's sweet voice. Anne's tears and prayers.

"N'Annette," he whispered, feebly. She bent her face to his to catch his words. "Was it—was it—because of these—of my gray hairs?"

"Oh, dear gray hairs! dear gray hairs! you break my heart!"

Her kisses fell on those silver threads; her hot tears, too.

"I loved you, Anne! I, too, loved you!"

* * * * *

"Hark!"

They bent over him—they two—trying to rouse him out of that deathly lethargy.

"The bell—I hear the bells. They are bridal bells—your bridal, Anne, yours and Rick's." He rose, stretching his arms upward. "My hair will not be gray up there!" His gray hair fell over his face then, betwixt it and her tears. "N'Annette! N'Annette!"

And then the bells were still.

And did Rick feel no remorse? Alas, and alas! They to whom the sweet fruits of earth are given eat and are content. To the strong belongs the prize, perhaps justly. The weak, too, have their part to act, though it be an humble one. When the cold dews of death fall on gray hairs, the hands that are too weak to win great triumphs can fold themselves in helpful prayer—they can close the sad, tired eyes of death.

Renunciation is not in the blood of youth. So Rick and Anne are happy. Peace be with them, and good-will to the end.

And to Stephen Norcroft the memory of the lilacs.

The Cup that Cheers.

There is, perhaps, no beverage the world over so popular as the cup of tea, so potent to brace the nerves, so conducive to domestic comfort and cheerful, innocent gossip. If one has a headache, is chilled or weary, the cup of tea revitalizes and kindles the exhausted flame of energy and spirits; it is the small currency of hospitality. Is it not the gentle tea leaf which brings kindred spirits together? Has not one of the most important and social meals of the day taken its name from that insinuating plant? What is home without a cup of tea? And when would the 5 o'clock tea have found favor or votaries under any other name? Is it not the moving spirit of the sewing-circle? and who ever heard of a fortune being told from coffee grounds or chocolate dregs? Is any cordial more delicious than iced tea on a scorching July day? In Southey's division of his day's work it was tea which ushered in poetry, while Dr. Johnson may have flavored many an essay with the effusion, and who can tell but we owe "Rasselas" to its exhilarating effects, "when with tea he amused the evening, with tea solaced the midnight, and with tea welcomed the morning?" Like woman's rights and other eternal verities, it had a battle to fight before acquiring its present position in the world. It was proscribed by physicians, denounced by the essayists, sneered at by the wits and poets. It was supposed to provoke scandal, and even to this day the suspicion is not obsolete. Yet a present of tea was thought to be suitable for royalty to receive, since in 1664 we are told that the East India company sent the queen two pounds! It was doubtless reserved for high days and holidays in early times, and was not poured out for poor relations, nor sent into the kitchen; but familiarity, instead of damaging its reputation, has recommended it to greater favor; and the poor working people who allow themselves no luxuries regard the cup of tea as a friend and necessity. "I am glad I was not born before tea," said Sydney Smith, one of whose recipes against melancholy is a kettle singing on the hob. As there is a right way to boil an egg, so there is a right way to prepare the stimulating beverage. In China the wealthy make it by pouring boiling water into a cup in which some of the tea leaves have been placed, and it would, perhaps, be well if we followed their example, instead of allowing it, as many do, to boil, as if the whole object was to extract the bitter tannin. We do injustice to the genial herb—whose native country is wrapped in mystery, although it is found wild in India—by making tea before the tea bell rings.—*Bazar.*

Two Cabinets.

The following cabinets make a contrast between the two elements or factions of the Republican party that will be studied with interest:

Garfield.	Arthur.
James G. Blaine.	F. T. Frelinghuysen.
SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.	
William Windom.	Charles J. Folger.
SECRETARY OF WAR.	
Robert T. Lincoln.	Robert T. Lincoln.
SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.	
William H. Hunt.	William E. Chandler.
SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.	
Samuel J. Kirkwood.	Henry M. Teller.
ATTORNEY GENERAL.	
Wayne MacVeagh.	Benj. Harris Brewster.
POSTMASTER GENERAL.	
Thomas L. James.	Timothy O. Howe.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

Diving for black pearls employs a large number of men and boats off the coast of lower California. Traders supply the vessels and diving apparatus upon the stipulation that the pearls that are found are to be sold to them at specified rates. These jewels are of much beauty and highly prized. A year's production is worth on an average from $500,000 to $1,000,000.

Krupp's works at Essen, Germany, employ 456 steam engines, aggregating 18,500 horse power; eighty-two steam hammers of weight varying from 200 pounds to fifty tons; twenty-one rolling mills; 1,556 furnaces; twenty-five locomotives; and so forth, producing annually 300,000 tons of steel and 26,000 tons of iron. The present population of his workingmen's city is over 15,700.

The story is told of Lena Sherman, a reputable girl of Iowa; but her lover proved to be a horse thief, and was sent to the penitentiary. His counsel thought that a new trial might be obtained by appealing, but there was no money to meet the expense. So Lena stole a horse in a neighboring county, sold it, and devoted the money to the appeal. The convict gained his liberty, but the girl went to prison. Governor Sherman has pardoned her.

Colonel George Washington Jones, Greenback member of Congress from Texas, is the tallest man in the House of Representatives. He wears blue flannel or checked gingham shirts, without collar or cuffs, coarse boots and homespun clothes. He lives in Washington in a half-furnished, unpainted, uncarpeted and unswept back attic room, lighted only by a gas jet in the hall. While his colleagues feast daintily in the capitol cafe, he takes his lunch of apples and gingerbread at his desk. But this crude, harsh life is invested with pathos and nobility by the fact that its sacrifices are made for the sake of needy and suffering relatives at home.

It may not be generally known to landsmen, but all sailors are aware that, with a strong and steady favoring wind, it is possible for a sailing vessel to equal the speed of an Atlantic steamship. Mr. Benjamin, in his article on "The Evolution of the American Yacht" in the *Century*, compares the time made by some sailing ships twenty and thirty years ago with that of the fastest steamers of to-day. In one of the recent "fastest passages ever made" by the Alaska, her greatest run was 419 miles in twenty-four hours. Before 1850, the ship James Haines, built by Donald McKay, ran 420 miles in twenty-four hours. The ship Red Jacket, built at Rockland, Me., ran 2,280 miles in seven days, or 325 miles per diem for a week. The Flying Cloud, McKay's most celebrated ship, once made 374 knots, or 433 miles, in twenty-four hours and twenty-five minutes, equal to 17.17 miles per hour. The difficulty sailing vessels experience in competing with craft whose motive power is steam lies, not in the ability of the ship, but in the fact that the wind is unsteady.

A Blind Shot.

An English traveler in Southwestern Africa, Mr. Frederick Green, relates how by a marvelous shot in the dark he put out of the way two dreaded lions that had long haunted the Bushman village of Otjituo and devoured more than a hundred human beings. These brutes would pass by whole droves of cattle, and go directly through flocks of sheep without touching one, in order to find and pounce upon a human victim. They were mates, and the death of one of them (identified as the other's provider), in consequence of Mr. Green's lucky shot, frightened the other away so that he did not return. This is the hunter's story:

It was 3 o'clock in the morning; the moon had sunk below the horizon, and it was quite dark, when the humor took me to have a night ramble. Seizing my double-barreled gun and my revolving rifle, I stood for some minutes a silent and solitary listener to the terrific roarings of two lions, who after a while passed along the bank of the river opposite to that on which we were encamped.

Suddenly halting again, they commenced another duet in as loud a strain as their lungs could pour forth. I was by this time joined by John Mortar, Bonfield and two of my native servants, all in readiness with their guns, like myself, in case the brutes should attempt to attack us. I now advanced a few paces from the wagon toward the river, and raising my double-barreled gun, called to my Damara, Gukub (for from deafness in one ear I cannot distinguish accurately the direction of sound), to point as near as he could to the quarter whence he heard the lions. This done, I placed the gun on an elevation of about 300 yards, the distance, as I supposed, of the animals, and fired. No sooner had the explosion taken place than one of the lions abruptly ceased roaring, uttering at the same a startling growl, such as always announces the receipt of a gunshot wound by these brutes. The "clap" of the bullet against the beast's hide, so well known to sportsmen, was not to be mistaken, and the bystanders simultaneously shouted:

"The lion is struck!"

I stood amazed, scarcely able to credit the fact, and might, perhaps, have thought that my hearing had deceived me, had not Mortar, Bonfield and others present declared with one voice that the lion must unquestionably have been hit.

After describing the discovery and dispatch of the wounded beast when daylight came, and his thrilling encounter with its mate, when his revolving rifle twice missed fire, Mr. Green says:

On examining the dead lion I was much surprised to find that my night shot had hit him close behind the left shoulder. . . . I had the skin of the animal carefully removed, and intend to keep it as a reminiscence of one of the most extraordinary incidents of my hunting experience.

John Hancock's Equipage.

Those who shake their heads at the love of display in "these degenerate times," and sigh for "the Puritan simplicity of our ancestors," will please read the following authentic description of the simple habits of the famous President of the Continental Congress: "His equipage was splendid and magnificent, such as at present is unknown in America. His apparel was sumptuously embroidered with gold and silver lace, and all the other decorations fashionable amongst men of fortune of that day; he rode, especially upon public occasions, with six beautiful bays, and with servants in livery. He was graceful and prepossessing in manners, and very passionately addicted to what were then termed the elegant pleasures of life; to dancing, music, concerts, routs, assemblies, card parties, rich wines, social dinners and festivities."

Heroes and Their Rewards.

The columns of the daily papers, in the brief records of current events, contain the plots of comedies, novels and tragedies forfiner and more significant than any which fiction has produced. Here, for example, is the story of a poor barber in New Jersey who, twenty-five years ago, was keeping a country inn. A passing stranger stopped with him, was attacked by some severe ailment, and for four or five months was not able to go on his way. He had no money or friends, but the innkeeper refused to allow him to be sent to a hospital, supplied his wants and nursed him faithfully. The stranger recovered, left his benefactor's house, went West and was not heard of again until a short time ago, when fication was sent to the poor barber, an he was the heir to thirty thousand dollars, bequeathed to him by the man he ad succored

Here is another story even more dramatic. On a cold evening in last January, when the sleet was falling fast, an engineer named Irving, on a railway in Virginia, was taking a long passenger train up a heavy grade. Seeing that the train in advance of him was not able to make the ascent on account of the ice on the track, he uncoupled his engine and hurried on to give it, in schoolboy parlance, a boost. After he had pushed it up the hillhe was returning to his own train, when, looking up, he saw part of the train he had just left, consisting of twelve heavy freight cars, rushing down the track, having broken from their engine. In another moment they would come in collision with the cars filled with passengers below. The engineer could save himself by leaping from his engine! Or—he might push the engine forward to the descending mass and so perhaps partially break its force. Never did soldier hurl himself into a more deadly breach. But the man did it. The lives of the scores of unconscious passengers waiting below were saved, and the brave engineer was taken from his crushed engine, strange to say, with scarcely a bruise.

It does us all good to read such histories as these, where eternal justice manifests itself in this world, incisive, swift, complete, where a man has an opportunity for a noble action, and its reward follows, tangible and real. Thousands of men have succored the poor and sick, but have inherited no fortune. As many thousands would unhesitatingly have risked their lives to save a threatened train, if so supreme a chance had ever come to them.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Proper Time for Work.

The habit of writing and reading late in the day and far into the night, says the *Lancet*, for the sake of quiet, is one of the most mischievous to which a man of mind can addict himself. The feeling of tranquillity which comes over the busy and active man about 10:30 or 11 o'clock ought not to be regarded as an incentive to work. It is in fact the effect of a lowering of vitality consequent on the exhaustion of the physical sense. Nature wants and calls for physiological rest. Instead of complying with her reasonable demand the night-worker hails the feeling of mental quiescence, mistakes it for clearness and acuteness, and whips the jaded organism with the will until it goes on working. What is the result? Immediately, the accomplishment of a task fairly well, but not half so well as if it had been performed with the vigor of a refreshed brain working in health from proper sleep. Remotely, or later on, comes the penalty to be paid for unnatural exertion—that is, energy wrung from exhausted or weary nerve-centers under pressure. This penalty takes the form of nervousness, perhaps sleeplessness, almost certainly some loss or depreciation of function in one or more of the great organs concerned in nutrition. To relieve these maladies—springing from this unexpected cause—the brain-workers very likely have recourse to the use of stimulants, possibly alcoholic, or it may be simply tea or coffee. The sequel need not be followed. Night work during student life and in after years is the fruitful cause of much unexplained, though by no means inexplicable suffering, for which it is difficult, if not impossible, to find a remedy. Surely morning is the time for work, when the whole body is rested, the brain relieved from its tension, and mind power at its best.

Drillers of Oil Wells.

The men who drill oil wells become wonderfully expert at their work; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that only those who are very expert can get work. A correspondent who has watched the proceedings thus describes a driller's skill: "He has spent years learning his trade, and learns something new with each well he drills. He knows the stratification of the earth more minutely than any geological books teach, and he can tell how near the bit is to the oil-bearing sand by the little particles that cling to it when he takes it out or by the few grains of gravel washed out of the bailings. With his hand upon the cable he marks its quivering as delicately as a physician with his finger on a patient's pulse, and by the faint variation of the tremor understands what the bit is doing, sometimes almost half a mile down the narrow hole. The style of different drillers varies as does the handwriting of different men or as the touch of players upon the piano. They know each other's peculiarities, and an experienced driller can frequently tell who is in a derrick without seeing him if he is allowed to watch the work awhile, or, what is more important in these days of mysteries, if he knows the driller he can guess the depth of the well within a hundred feet if he gets his eyes on the outside machinery for a short time."

The Owl Whips Three Men.

A son of a farmer of Marhamchurch has been admitted into Straton hospital suffering from severe injuries inflicted upon him by an owl. A pair of owls had made their home in an elm tree, and as they made raids on the farmer's chickens to supply the wants of a numerous family of young owls, one of the farmer's sons ascended the tree and secured two of the young ones and kept them for some days, feeding them by hand. He had one of the young owls in his hand showing it to a friend, when one of the parent birds suddenly pounced upon him and struck him heavily on the head. He dropped the fledgling and defended himself with a stick, but the owl renewed the attack and wounded the boy in the eye so seriously that the sight has been destroyed. The father, who witnessed the attack, immediately killed the two young birds, whereupon the parent owl attacked him and another of his sons, inflicting wounds in the neck of both. The farmer then went for his gun, but the owl escaped.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The aggregate losses in the fishing business from Gloucester, Mass., from 1830, when the George's fishery began, up to April 1, 1882, have been 2,351 lives and 428 vessels, valued at $1,862,710.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

News and Notes for Women.

President Barnard is in favor of the new movement for admitting girls to Columbia college.

Miss Lena Miller is proprietor of the Rosevelt house, Ohio street, Indianapolis, and manages it with marked financial skill.

Miss Lillie C. Darst, the editor of a Circleville (Ohio) paper, was chosen alternate delegate to the Republican State convention.

Mrs. Myra Bradshaw commenced the publication of the Chicago *Legal News* in October, 1868. It has become one of the foremost legal newspapers in America.

Mrs. Haworth, of Thorntown, Ind., in one hour's time, secured 105 names of women who want to vote, in addition to the forty-two names sent to the convention.

Mrs. Smith, of Jersey City, has for some time been engaged in reducing the crude language of the Tuscaroras to writing, and in furnishing it with a grammar and dictionary.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, in an address at the meeting of the Boston Society of Universalists, deprecates the sending away to foreign missions of the zealous and accomplished women, who are so much needed in home missions.

Mrs. Porter, a wealthy lady of Chicago, has founded a hospital for the care of poor children over three and under thirteen years of age. It is sacred to the memory of her lost baby boy and is named the Maurice Porter hospital.

It is pleasant to record that a lady who has been out of the country for ten years or more, engaged in missionary labor, returning for a visit and rest, has seen nothing that so much surprises her as the increased earnestness of the women in the work of the church.—*Presbyterian.*

The Women's Silk Culture association of the United States, at 1328 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, have offered ten premiums, aggregating $500, to be given to the silk culturists of the country who produce the ten largest amounts of cocoons. Quality will also be one of the conditions.

Two young women of Kentucky and Ohio, respectively, have received a patent for a pan to be sunk in an ironing-board, for the reception of the flat-iron when not in use. The fracture of joints, burns and other casualities caused by flat-irons will be known no more. This devise is a simple iron mold, one inch deep, eight inches long and five wide, to be fitted to the board, and yet for this patent the young women were offered $5,000 the day after receiving their papers.

The informal Sunday meetings at the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, Boston, which have been held by Dr. Clisby since the regular season closed, have been well attended and have elicited much earnest discussion on the topics chosen—Faith, Charity, Imagination, and Individual or Universal Life of the Spirit. It was the wish of those present, who felt they received so much help from the thoughts given on these vital questions, that the meetings might be continued through the summer.

Fashion Notes.

Neck chains are worn only for full dress.

Chatelaine watches are the correct style for ladies.

Shoulder capes are a feature on many new spring suits.

Tailor-made jersey jackets are the favorite spring wrap for young ladies.

The old-fashioned watch fobs of our grandfathers are again in fashion.

Beaded collars in solid jet embroidery on black Brussels net are very stylish.

Small jeweled lace pins, matching the earrings, are used for fastening bonnet strings.

Mousquetaire gloves are the favorite style, and appear in Lisle thread for warm weather.

Dainty little smelling bottles in the shape of jeweled Greek amphorae are worn on chatelaines.

Jumbo is the latest craze in decoration, and Jumbo charms and ornaments are shown by the hundred.

Among the rapidly appearing eccentricities in fancy jewelry is an ornament for millinery in the shape of six tiny birds transfixed on a gilded spit.

The Alpine peasant hat, called the Montagnard, with broad brim bent down over the eyes, is to be an exceedingly popular head covering for seaside use.

Pure wool-mixed cheviots with a dash of Cayenne red in the woof will be much employed for traveling dresses all summer. The facings and cordings are of red satin.

Pompadour silks figure among new fabrics for evening wear. These are chiefly in detached flowers in natural colors scattered over a light ground, and are combined with plain silks in shades to match.

Black openwork chenille wraps in the directoire shape are much worn this season. They form a rich and elegant addition to promenade costumes of moire, foulard or satin, and have all the becoming effect of a black velvet mantle.

A great deal of ficelle is used on straw hats. Some wide-brimmed shade hats have the brims entirely covered with this lace, held by numbers of small, gilt-headed pins. A garland of flowers or a long ostrich feather completes the trimming.

One of the prettiest and newest berthas for the summer is of violet-tinted mull, upon which are appliqued natural-sized heartsease blossoms of gold and purple velvet. The edge of the bertha is bordered with violet-tinted Spanish lace.

A comfortable band for tying the hair for braiding may be made of silk elastic threaded through a shoe button, and sewed into a loop of six inches or so. The button must be fastened at one end, and when the band is wrapped around the hair the opposite end of the loop buttons over it.

Injections of Morphia.

"A recent painful case of death caused by hypodermic injections of morphia," says the London *Lancet*, "directs attention afresh to the dangers of resorting to this most perilous mode of administering drugs designed to relieve pain. The public should be warned against the practice of employing remedies hypodermically. So formidable a 'remedy' should on no account be used except under medical advice, and when deemed necessary it ought to be given by practitioners. We have repeatedly urged the profession to discountenance the recourse to the injections under the skin, which is becoming general. It is a practice of extreme hazard, and we are of the opinion that surgical instrument makers should refuse to sell the requisite apparatus to lay persons, and that medical men should forbid their use."

The Yacht America.

One of the most brilliant successes of the clipper era was the yacht America, built in 1851 by James R. and George Steers for John C. Stevens and several other gentlemen, who desired to secure a vessel which would win the Queen's Cup at the annual regatta of the London Royal Yacht Club. She cost about $23,000, and her builders were to have a large bonus in case she won. After a sail of twenty-two days and four hours, during five days of which she was so becalmed as to make only six miles a day, she reached the neighborhood of Havre, her port of destination, and was met by a Channel pilot-boat, which at once showed the French flag, and was supposed, of course, to carry a French pilot. As soon as

The Centre Reporter.

FRED KURTZ ..... EDITOR.

CENTRE HALL, PA., June 29. 1882

Judge Trunkey has positively declined to accept the nomination for governor. 'Tis a great pity—the people had fixed upon him as the man.

The Cameron convention which re-assembled at Harrisburg, Wednesday of last week, and was a tame affair. Many of the original delegates were absent, and all seemed dejected. Marriott Brosius, a Lancaster lawyer, was nominated for congressman-at-large.

Congress has passed an appropriation of $300,000 for an addition to the executive mansion. This looks as though Arthur might want to get married, and—.

Hon. A. H. Dill is talked of for Congress by the Centre Hall REPORTER—so say several of our exchanges. We simply stated that Mr. Dill would be a candidate for congress.

Gen. Beaver has already kissed seventeen babies since his nomination. This is not a great many for the travel he has done, yet enough to show he is a man of noble impulses.

The President has received one or two strong letters asking for executive clemency on behalf of Guiteau, but so far has heard nothing from his counsel or any of the members of his family. The letters already received are of the character denominated as "cranky," of which the President receives a large number on all subjects, and, as such, do not come in for serious attention.

The political contest in Maine this year will be of great interest. The election will come off in September, and the result will be the first gun from a doubtful State. The Democrats and Greenbackers will be united in support of Gov. Plaisted, and the four Congressmen to be elected on a general ticket. The Republicans have nominated Col. Robie for Governor and two of their present Congressmen, Reed and Dingley, with two new men. Solon Chase, advanced Greenbacker, has a ticket of his own, and the Prohibitionists, not altogether satisfied with the Republican nominations have also made straight nominations. They will draw off some votes from the Republicans, and the Solon Chase movement from the Democratic-Greenback coalition.

The senate has confirmed the tariff commission nominations, who are to work at ten dollars a day. The commission gets a handsome little tariff to let the dear people know how much more the commission know about a tariff than congress.

Why not appoint a like commission to attend to the other legislation of the country and abolish the two houses of congress? Or, let congress go a step farther, and appoint a commission to attend to the rest of the legislation of the country, and then go home—it would be a vast deal cheaper, and there would be just as much accomplished for the good of the people as by the old fogy way of having a congress in which members call each other liars, and ram fists under each others noses for three or four months in the year and then go home having done nothing but drawn $5,000 salary.

The following are the names of the tariff commissioners:

John L. Hayes, of Massachusetts (Chairman); Henry W. Oliver, of Pennsylvania; Jacob A. Ambler, of Ohio; Robert P. Porter, of the District of Columbia; John W. H. Underwood, of Georgia; Duncan F. Kenner, of Louisiana; Alexander R. Boteler, of West Virginia; Wm. H. McMahon, of New York.

Senator Cameron declares against a compromise, and is for fighting it out against the independents, and that the latter must be crushed. Arthur stands by Cameron, and men, women, girls and boys, in the government employ, are assessed—from the cradle, to the grave if possible—to make up a corruption fund wherewith to fight the independents in Pennsylvania and New York.

THE STRIKE.

The strike is still going on in New York, Pittsburg and other places.

In New York, among others, the freight handlers have been on a strike since last week, and no freight can be shipped by the railroads in consequence; the freight handlers demand an increase of 3 cents per hour, which the railroad nabobs refuse; while they skin the people on freight charges, they pay the freight handlers scant wages. The consequence is that scarce any freight has been shipped for nearly two weeks, and tracks are full of trains which can not be unloaded, and the streets are crammed with loaded carts waiting to have their merchandise unloaded. Business is almost at a stand still. The *Herald* says:

Public opinion is unmistakably on the side of the men who are now on a strike in this city against the great railroad corporations. The increased compensation they ask is, so far as can be judged by published accounts, reasonable and fair. They should get it. The railroad magnates say they cannot afford to pay for the labor necessary to conduct their business they should close up business and go into bankruptcy? There are two things this country cannot afford and will not have, and the sooner the "railroad barons" understand it the better. They are these:—First, workingmen must not be starved, and, second, railroad corporations will not be permitted with impunity to double their stock in a night, to cover excessive earnings, and then pretend that they cannot pay their laborers. Capital has its rights, but it has its duties and responsibilities to the public, the State and the nation. The railroad barons are standing on a volcano of their own creation. At this moment the traffic of the city is stopped by this conflict for wages. In the Jersey City freight yards there is an enormous accumulation of valuable property that must afford a dangerous temptation to the disorderly classes, but for the protection of which proper steps have been taken.

The democratic state convention did its work wisely and well, and the nominees, published in another colum, will command the respect of every honest citizen of this commonwealth. There was no boss or machine work about it, and it will receive an overwhelming endorsement of the people at the polls. We want a change, and we want reform, and we want to be rid of Cameron rule. Let all who seek the welfare of the state and who favor economy and honest government signify it by voting the democratic ticket.

THE GREAT PENSION SCANDAL.

The *Herald* says, the Pension Appropriation bill, passed by the House on Monday under suspension of the rules, calls for nearly a hundred million dollars. This sum is not in full of all demands, but merely to cover the year's disbursement, which will be principally on account of the Arrears of Pension act. If the bill passes the Senate also the lobby will be saved much anxiety as to what is to be done with the enormous surplus in the Treasury. The chairman of the House Committee on Invalid Pensions estimates that according to ordinary mortality tables there must still be expended about one billion three hundred million dollars on account of pensions. In view of these probable figures and of the amount demanded for the present year the Arrears act assumes prominence so scandalous, either as a blunder or a crime, that the time has come for honest members of both parties to combine and reconsider the legislation that imposed this enormous expense upon the people. No decent citizen begrudges his share of the cost of maintaining other citizens who suffer permanent physical disabilities because of wounds or disease contracted during their period of military service, but no one doubts that many millions of dollars are paid yearly to men who are as competent as any others to earn their living, and these men also share in the great gift devised by the Arrears act. The old negro claim of forty acres and a mule has been laughed at for nearly twenty years as the extreme of adsurdity, and many a veteran of the late war wished that he might become a negro in the event of such a general setting up in business, but the government would have got off comparatively easy had it given each soldier forty acres and a mule in full of all pension demands. The outlay on account of pensions can be reduced considerably, even under existing acts, by stricter construction of the law in cases of new applicants and by searching out fraudulent pensioners, of whom there are many thousands. But something more radical is needed, and Congressmen from both parties know it; untrue, however, to their constituents and the nation, each man stands aloof in the hope that the other party will father the needed reform and suffer by whatever grumbling may come of it. This may be able partisanship, but it does not bear the slightest resemblance to statesmanship or even personal honesty.

ABOLISH THE INTERNAL REVENUE SYSTEM.

A Brief but Powerful Speech by the Hon. S. S. Cox.

From the Congressional Record, June 15.

I beg the attention of the members to say that enough has been developed, owing to the unfortunate colloquy that has taken place, to show honest people who are watching our proceedings with more care for our honor than we seem to be doing. I say the revelations which have been made in connection with the internal revenue system have begotten much suspicion. Whether well or ill founded, I do not say; but it calls for every careful investigation. The result will be, and not very remote either, that the whole internal revenue system will be blotted ont. It ought to be.

I believe if the tariff were properly arranged, if the number of articles upon which duties are levied was cut down from more than 2,000 to some smaller number and with revenue qualities, it would not require a commission to frame the tariff that would yield revenue enough to pay all the expenditures of frugal government. I would bail the day when this infernal revenue system shall be abolished, and our revenues be collected with revenue purposes, neither political, partisan, nor protective.

We have had it now twenty years. It was a war measure. It has done its work. It is past its usefulness. I know the effect of it in my own state. You gentlemen who favor a free ballot and an honest count perhaps do not know how the internal revenue officers, the storekeepers, the gaugers, and all the employees of that bureau, force by their espionage and terrorism the free ballot. It is a power, which I could, had I time, display here in its enormity, and from published and notorious facts.

It is an expensive system. It is costly in country and city. Go to North Carolina. I defy any man of common sense to tell me that the system in North Carolina pays either morally or economically. Take the several districts of North Carolina as you find them in the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. Take its Sixth district. You will find that it costs to collect $510,944 of revenue over $274,415. It is over 54 per cent. for the costs of collection. Yet in that same State, quiet and orderly as it is, they collect their State taxes for 5 per cent. or $26,513 as the cost of collecting $530,263.

This expensive system does invade the towns and the cities. As I said, it forces the ballots. It uses spies and informers—persons of bad fame throughout all history. All of those which history hands down as most execrable are the spies and informers. They are voluntary witnesses for a consideration, which the amendment of the gentleman from Kentucky [Mr. White] would cut up by the roots.

With permission I quote the description of the detested informer given by the Irish orator Curran. It was familiar to our school boys. It ought to direct us on this amendment:

In a case of life—of honor and of infamy—to credit a vile informer, the perjurer of an hundred oaths, a wretch whom pride, honor, or religion could not bind? The forsaken prostitute of every vice calls upon you with one breath to blast the memory of the dead and to blight the character of the living. He measures his value by the coffins of his victims; and in the field of evidence appreciates his fame as the Indian warrior does in fight, by the number of scalps with which he can swell his triumphs. He calls on you by the solemn league of eternal justice to audit the purity of a conscience washed in his own atrocities. He has promised and betrayed; he has sworn and foresworn; and whether his soul shall go to heaven or to hell, he seems altogether indifferent, for he tells you he has established an interest in each.

I make this speech not for the purpose or with the expectation that any special reform will be made in this bill. But we cannot fail to see that a reform must commence sometime and somewhere. This whiskey stench, which has been ventilated in this House, may be the means, under Providence, of so arranging parties in the next election that we will tear up this internal revenue system by the roots.

Congress thinks it can adjourn by July 15. Of course it can, and nobody cry.

The democrats of California have nominated Mr. Stoneman for governor.

Nervousness, peevishness, and fretting, so often connected with overworked females' lives, is rapidly relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters.

Chicago, June 23.—Fifteen hundred men in the employ of the Joliet iron and steel rolling mills are out of work by the shutting down of the mills on account of dull times.

—The Reporter for the campaign only 50 cents, cash. Send us the names.

Many wonder how Parker's Ginger Tonic can perform such varied cures, thinking it simply essence of ginger, when in fact it is made of many valuable medicines which act beneficially on every diseased organ. See other column.

A Wilmington, Del., dispatch states that the army worm in various points of the peninsula is doing some damage to corn.

Bordentown, N. J., June 23.—The army worm has made its appearance in great numbers on the farms in the vicinity of Johnstown, Burlington county. The farmers are endeavoring to get rid of the pests by burning them and plowing them under.

Cumberland, Md., June 24.—The report that the Clearfield (Pa.) miners today decided to suspend work was received throughout the Cumberland region this evening with great rejoicing. Should the Clearfield miners strike, it will prolong the struggle here indefinitely. It is said to-night on good authority that the new Central Company will immediately prepare to introduce foreign labor into their Midlothian Mine.

TOM MARSHALL TELLS WHAT HE KNOWS ABOUT CANDIDATE BROSIUS.

Thomas M. Marshall was met on the street yesterday by the writer, who asked him what he thought of Brosius. Mr. Marshall smiled and said: "Brosius! Brosius! they tell me he has been nominated for congressman-at-large. Never heard of him until a few minutes ago. They tell me he is intimately connected with and perhaps related to Black, who ran for President, and also for Governor of Pennsylvania on the temperance ticket. He was beaten for district attorney down in Lancaster not long since."

"Will you vote for him?"

"Vote for him! Not I. I am too good a Republican to vote for a man who has received such an irregular nomination as this man has. Brosius! As Byron says!

Phoebus! what a name
To sound eternal through the trump of fame?"

—*Pittsburg Post.*

ARABI'S THREAT.

London, June 23, 1882.—The Standard's Alexandria correspondent telegraphs that he is informed on the best authority that if France and England interfere actively in Egyptian affairs Arabi Pacha will blow up the Suez canal, cut the railway to Cairo and oppose the landing of European troops in Alexandria. If beaten he will retire to the desert, where he is promised the support or 30,000 Beduins, partizans of Prince Halim. The Egyptian Ministry are prepared to sanction the above on patriotic grounds.

THE QUESTION OF GUITEAU'S INSANITY.

Washington, June 22.—Miss Chevallier, of Boston, Secretary of the National Society for the Protection of Insane, accompanied by Dr. George M. Golding, Superintendent of the Government Hospital for Insane, and Rev. W. W. Hicks, Pastor of the Tabernacle, and who is now acting as Guiteau's spiritual advisor, had an interview with the President this afternoon, by special appointment, and presented a petition praying for reprieve in the case of Guiteau and for the creation of a scientific commission to determine upon the sanity or insanity of the condemned man. The petition is signed by a number of medical experts, who state their conviction that Guiteau is insane, and urge the propriety of such a commission.

Doctor Beard and Golding advanced argument in support of the petition. One of the points made by Dr. Beard was that Guiteau really had no trial, the so-called trial being merely an exhibition. He said it was the strongest case of insanity ever before a court, and was only lost through the incompetency of Guiteau's counsel. He said the incompetency of Scoville was as phenomenal as the insanity of his client.

The President listened patiently, and taking the papers said they would be considered. They will be referred to the Attorney General for report. All other papers previously received bearing on this case have been similarly referred.

GUITEAU'S CASE BEFORE THE CABINET.

Washington, June 23.—A Cabinet meeting to-day was attended by all the members. The session was short and was principally occupied in consideration of the applications for a respite in the case of Guiteau. It was decided to have a special meeting at six o'clock this evening, to finally consider the case. Mr. Reed, counsel for Guiteau, had an interview with the President this afternoon and made formal applications for a respite in the case of Guiteau, till he shall have an opportunity of bringing the question of jurisdiction before the United States Supreme Court at the next term, which opens October 1.

GUITEAU TO HANG.

The Cabinet has refused to grant the petition for a reprieve for Guiteau. The death warrant, the gallows and the hangman's rope have been prepared.

Rev. Hicks called upon the President and the Attorney General on Saturday evening to learn the result of the meeting, but was informed that nothing could be divulged on the subject till morning. Similar efforts on the part of Mr. Reed, Guiteau's counsel, were also fruitless. Rev. Hicks called upon the Attorney General next morning by appointment and was informed that the Cabinet had decided not to interfere with the execution of Guiteau's sentence. Mr. Hicks thereupon drove to the district jail and informed Guiteau of the decision.

Guiteau sent the following message to his spiritual adviser, Rev. Hicks:—

"Go and see Arthur and shake your fist in his face. Tell him I made him President by my inspiration and he must give me an unconditional pardon, and if he does not God Almighty will blast him forever. I tell you, Brother Hicks, I am God's man, and God takes care of His own."

ON TO DENVER.

To the weird beauty of the Rocky Mountain resorts and health giving quality of its sparkling waters and bright skies, as an inducement to the tourist and pleasure seekers for a summer trip to Colorado, must be added this season the attractions of the National Mining and Industrial Exposition, the interesting features of which are new, numerous and varied. This grand exhibit of mineral and geological specimens, together with the best productions of mechanical and industrial skill, opens August 1st for two months.

The good news reach our table, in official form, that the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy NEW THROUGH LINE from Chicago, Peoria or St. Louis to Denver, will be opened for through passenger traffic on July 2d, thus affording all intending visitors to Colorado, a direct, elegant and comfortable route. When ready to go, you should ask your ticket agent to ticket you by the way of the "Burlington Route," the only through line.

A horrible rumor comes to us of an incredible act of foolishness on the part of some colored children living near Etonian creek, Putnam Co., Florida, by the name of Williams. It seems the children had been to a funeral shortly before, and while playing at home the other day the idea of burial came into their heads. A large hole was dug and one of their number, a young child hardly more than a baby, was put in and covered up entirely. The other children played around awhile longer, but soon forgot their companion buried alive, and wandered off. At night an inquiry was made after the missing child, the horrible story was told. The affrighted parents hastened to the spot pointed out and dug up the child, but, of course, too late.

Among the Zuni Indians, who have recently come to the front by coming East for ocean water, there is said to be a social custom that might be worth adopting in more civilized circles. In Zuni-land the houses belong to the women instead of the men, so a man can marry without first being obliged to buy or hire a house; marrying men are therfore abundant among the Zunis. On the other hand, a man who marries can only occupy the wife's house during good behavior; the wife having always the right to put an unsatisfactory husband out of doors.

DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

THE TICKET.

Pattison Nominated.

The democratic state convention assembled at Harrisburg, on Wednesday. Every district in the state was represented, and the city was crowded with anxious democrats from all parts, solicitous for harmony and a ticket of good and strong men. The utmost good will characterised the proceedings, and to nominate a ticket that would command the respect of the people was the aim of all, and how well it was done, the following ticket put in nomination shows:

On the 7th ballot, Pattison, of Philadelphia, was nominated for governor, amid the greatest enthusiasm. Mr. Pattison is the city controller to which important position he was elected on account of his integrity and as a true friend of reform. The convention then adj. to Thursday to complete the ticket.

The 1st ballot for governor stood; Hopkins 86, Coxe 28, Pattison 61, Monaghan 6, Dill 13, Wolverton 10.

THE DEARH DEALING CYCLONE.

The Sad Condition of Affairs in Malcolm, Iowa.

Chicago, June 22.—The following dispatch has been received here:

Malcolm, Iowa, June 22.—I have just returned from northwestern Iowa and find the town in ruins. One fourth of the population is homeless and destitute. Every business man has suffered severe losses, and many business houses are destroyed. There is no one here able to give assistance. Every church and public house is destroyed. We are obliged to hold funerals in the streets. Aid will be thankfully received. Send contributions to W. E. Gould, cashier Malcolm bank. [Signed] J. H. DUFFUS, mayor.

Des Moines, June 22.—The following estimate is made of the damage done by the cyclone in the various counties of this state: Boone, $20,000; Hey, $30,000; Jasper, $50,000; Poweshiek, $10,000; Keokuk, $100,000; Henry, $1,200,000; Pocahontas, $100,000. The Chicago and Rock island railway company's loss in merchandise and property is $41,000, and the Iowa Central railway company, $10,000. The total loss is estimated at from $2,500,000 to $3,000,000.

Findley, Ill, June 23.—A terrible storm visited here last night, and three men, Charles G. Senseney, of Fort Wayne, Ind., John Wilson and Charles G. Holmes, were instantly killed by lightning.

THE TRACK OF THE TORNADO.

People and Cattle Blown Hundreds of Feet—An Appeal for Help.

Des Moines, June 20.—The track of the recent tornado in Iowa begins at Jefferson, ninety miles west of Grinnell; goes eastward, a few miles south and parallel, keeps the course to Marshall county, where it turns southeast, and goes straight to Grinnell; thence to Iron Ridge, fourteen miles southeast of Brooklyn, and thence th Mount Pleasant, where it stops The distance from Mount Pleasant is 200 miles, and the velocity of the storm was about sixty miles an hour.

The force of the storm was resistless. At Grinnell John Merrill's house was caught up and thrown with the family in it against Prof. Buck's house, the two sinking down in a heap. Four miles west of Hickory Grove Mr. James, wife and two daughters were blown three hundred feet, dying of their injuries. At Donohue's place twenty-five cows were lifted from a herd, carried three hundred rods and dropped dead.

At Garden Prairie the body of Mr Torney's horse was found a mile from the stable in which he had been standing. On Ame's place in Boone county eight head of cattle were torn all to pieces and twisted up in a wire fencing. Trenches were torn in the ground from one to three feet deep and fifty feet in length, and this in sod or hard road indiscriminately. It is thought these trenches may have been ploughed by wrecks of houses.

In Logan township, near Marshalltown, F. Wennes, his wife and child were carried about 2 000 feet. He was severely injured, but they escaped with bruises.

The *Register* in an appeal for help says:

From the southeastern part of the State we have the names now of 69 of the dead and 500 of the wounded, half of the latter grievously hurt, and probably a fifth of them fatally. Over three hundred families had their homes totally destroyed, and there are now at least 1,500 persons homeless and in want. The loss of property will exceed $2,000,000 and may reach $3,000 000.

Grinnell is a town of New England people, thrifty and intelligent. The rich towns of the east may well help these people in their distresses caused by the calamity, which has killed fifty persons and wounded 200 more, destroyed 160 homes, and has wiped out nearly half a million dollars in unins ured property. Iowa College has had all its buildings destroyed, its four hundred students made homeless, and has suffered a loss of $75,000 of uninsured property. The condition of the other towns and ruining communities is fully as pitiable and helpless.

MORE TORNADOES.

STORMS STILL VISITING THE STATES IN THE WEST.

Pringhar, Iowa, Partly Ruined—Six Persons Killed and Forty Injured.

Sioux City, June 25.—A report was received at Coubarn station on the St. Paul and Milwaukee road, twenty miles northeast of Ashpers, Iowa, that Pringhar, Iowa, was wrecked by the storm and six people were injured. Pringhar, Iowa, is eight miles south of Coubarn, and is the county seat of O'Brien county. It has about 3,000 inhabitants. Surgeons from Coubarn have gone to Pringhar. A farmer came to Spencer, a station twenty miles east of Coubarn, with the report that in his neighborhood six persons were killed and forty injured. It is believed at Schenker that forty dwellings have been blown down in that county (Clay). Every effort has been made to get something definite, but the wires along that road were down early in the day, then working badly and monopolized by railroad business.

Dubuque, Ia., June 25.—Reports of the cyclone at Emmittsburg, Ia., telegraphed from Fort Dodge yesterday, prove to be greatly exaggerated. There was a severe storm and four or five buildings were blown down, but no one was killed.

Des Moines, Iowa, June 24.—A dispatch just received by the *Register* from Fort Dodge says the train dispatcher reports the town of Emmittsburg, county seat of Palo county, as being blown to pieces this morning by a tornado and that over one hundred persons were killed. The Illinois Central and Chicago and Northwestern trains were blown from the track. The Milwaukee and St Louis road was wrecked. There is a washout north of Forest City, and it is reported that three or four more towns in that vicinity were blown to pieces. The telegraph wires are all down north of here, and it is impossible to get more news at the present time.

HOW DE LONG'S BODY WAS FOUND.

Melville Finds His Hand Protruding From the Snow—The Other Bodies Near By.

London, June 19, 1882.—Mr. W. H. Gilder, the *Herald* correspondent with the Rodgers, sends the following dispatch, dated Lena Delta, April 12, 1882:

"Melville found the bodies of De Long's party on March 28. They were in two places, 500 and 1,000 yards from the scow. Melville's search party started from the supply depot [here two words are unintelligible] to follow Ninderman's route from Usterday to Matvey, and afterwards from Matvey to Usterday. (The following sentence is again unintelligible.) They stopped at the place which Ninderman and Noros passed the first day after they left De Long, feeling sure that the others had not got much further. There they found the wreck, and, following along the bank, they came upon a rifle barrel hung upon four sticks (here six words are unintelligible.) They set the natives digging on each side of the sticks, and they soon came upon two bodies under eight feet of snow. While these men were digging towards the east Melville went on along the bank, twenty feet above the river, to find a place to take bearings. He then saw a camp-kettle and the remains of a fire about a thousand yards from the tent, and approaching, nearly stumbled upon De Long's hand sticking out of the snow about thirty feet from the edge of the bank. Here, under about a foot of snow, they found the bodies of De long and Ambler about three feet apart, and Ah Sam lying at their feet, all partially covered by pieces of tent and a few pieces of blankets. All the others except Alexia they found at the place where the tent was pitched. Lee and Knack were close by in a cleft in the bank towards the west. Two boxes of records with the medicine chest and a flag on a staff were beside the tent. None of the dead had boots. Their feet were covered with rags, tied on. In the pockets of all were pieces of burnt skin and of the clothing which they had been eating. The hands of all were more or less burned, and it looked as if when dying they had crawled into the fire. Boyd lying over the fire and his clothing burned through to the skin, which was not burned. Collins' face was covered with a rag. All the bodies were carried to the top of a hill three hundred feet high, about forty versts to the southwest from where they were found, and there interred in a mausoleum constructed of wood from the scow, built in the form of a pyramid 22 feet long and 9 feet high, surmounted by a cross twenty-two feet high and a foot square, hewn out of drift wood and conspicuous at a distance of twenty versts. The mausoleum was covered with stones and it is to be sodded in the spring.

The cross is inscribed with the record and the names of the dead, cut in by the search party. After completing the tomb the party separated to search the delta for traces of Chipp's people. Melville went to the northwest part of the delta and west as far as the Olenek River; Ninderman took the centre and Bartlett the northeast. Ninderman and Bartlett found nothing. Melville has not yet returned. The search is to be extended to Cape Borchaya and the bay of that name. They expect to finish in time to reach Yakutsk before the rivers break up. If they do not finish before that time they will have to retreat to the foot of the hills and mountains with the natives until the water falls, as the whole of the delta is covered with water in the spring to a height of four feet and in some places to twenty feet above the level of the river. Otherwise they would have buried the dead where they were found.

A MAN KILLED BY BEARS.

Terrible Death of a Bostonian in the Adirondacks.

Saratoga, New York, June 12—Wm. Milliken, of Boston, Mass., was litterally torn to pieces by a black bear that he recklessly attacked at Lake Pisseo, in the Adirondacks. Mr. Milliken was largely interested in Nova Scotia mines and was a large stockholder in the Mechanicville Water Power Company. He was enjoying himself in the North Woods hunting and fishing with a party including W. Wilkinson of Wilkison Brothers, Birmingham Conn.; John Dixon and Messrs. Fountain and Watson, of Philadelphia. A guide named James Shires was also present. They had four dogs with them, and they struck the trail of a bear, which they followed up. The guide warned them that bears were ugly at this time of the year and it was very hazardous to attack one singly. Milliken announced he wasn't afraid and could get out of his way. He followed the dogs closely, and they found two big bears and three cubs in a few minutes The bears attacked the dogs and soon tore them to pieces, while Milliken fired at them in vain. The shaggy monsters then gave their attention to their human assailant and in a very few minutes tore him in pieces. The guide rushed to his rescue and was badly lacerated, but not fatally injured. Watson brought his trusty rifle to bear and shot the male bear dead, while almost simultaneously Fountain and Wilkinson despatched the female. The cubs were captured alive The male bear weighed four hundred pounds and the female three hundred.

The remains of the unfortunate Mr. Milliken were brought out of the woods by his companions and forwarded to Boston. He leaves a wife and four children. This is the worst tragedy which has occurred in the Adirondacks for many years.

GOD SPEED.

Fields of untold wealth; mines of unsounded depth; pasturage without end; health giving climate and sparkling waters; raw materials in abundance for the fiery furnace, the weaver and the spinner; the metal worker and the artistic jeweler, entrancing views for the lover of nature and the beautiful inspiring alike to the artist's soul and brush and the mind and pen of the literateur, meat for the millions, bread for the toilers of the land; fortune and position for the workers with willing hearts and hands; such are the advantages Colorado presents to the World at large, and the approaching opening of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad through line to Denver, directly linking Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Peoria, Des Moines, Atchison, the progressive cities of the growing West, to the Queen of the Rockies, will bring home to the masses, the opportunity, perhaps the long sought for to explore this famous region.

From the cotton plains of the South and her productive sugar fields, from the spinning mills of New England, the iron furnaces of Pennsylvania, the marts of commerce of the East and the Old World a new avenue is opened. The manufacturer, the merchant, the tourist, the invalid, the student, the miner, the laborer all have an interest in the new enterprise fostered and brought to successful issue by the most admirably managed and most advanced railroad corporation of our time. To them it means increase of business, increase of pleasure, improved health, new fields and new scenes, fresh opportunities, advancement and progress.

And while these steel bands will unite new sections of the world into a closer and more intimate relation as regards business and personal welfare, it will also unite hearts and minds, foster new acquaintances, new relations and create for many a new hearthstone, a home in a land of promise.

We hail with unfeigned pleasure the first trip of the iron horse, that greatest of helper to advanced civilization, across the virgin soil of that wonderful land and bid God-speed the projectors while awaiting the formal announcement that the new line is opened for passenger traffic, and the banner of the "Great Burlington Route" floats at the base of the Rockies.

THE TROUBLE WITH EGYPT.

For several weeks past, all of Europe has been stirred by the condition of affairs in Egypt. Briefly, the state of things is thus: The Khedive is the nominal ruler, but the English and French representatives have charge of the finances, so as to secure the bondholders of those countries, and the Sultan of Turkey is the nominal suzerain of the Khedive. This is sufficiently complicated, but the situation is further aggravated by a "national movement" headed by Arabi Bey, and backed by the army. The Khedive is a mere puppet, and the key of the situation lies in the fact that a contest in supremacy is going on between Arabi Bey and the foreign comptrollers. France and England have sent iron clads to Egypt, but Arabi Bey snaps his fingers at them. The Sultan wishes to interfere as the suzerain of the Khedive, but France and England will not permit armed interference, though they have not opposed the sending of Dervisch Pacha as a Commissioner to restore order, which he has, of course, not succeeded in doing. In despair a Conference of Powers has been proposed, but from rest of Europe, while intensely interested in the result, does not take kindly to the idea of undertaking to bring order out of this chaos.

The situation could not well be more complicated; and it looks as if Arabi Bey were master of the situation. Threatening him with ironclads is useless, because with the army at his back the whole navy of France and England cannot prevent him from doing as he pleases in Egypt. The jealousy of the other Power will not suffer the Sultan to interfere, and neither France or England is prepared as yet to land troops in Egypt and take possession of the country; nor is it at all certain that the rest of Europe will permit them to undertake so summary a settlement of the difficulty. All that these two Powers have as yet done is to put themselves in the ridiculous attitude of shaking their fists at an offender whom they cannot reach. They have been making threats that they are not prepared to make good, and get laughed at for it.

Of course a state of anarchy cannot go on indefinitely in Egypt, and Arabi Bey may take some step that will render active interference necessary. But so long as he maintains his present attitude he must be regarded as the real ruler of the country, and if he does no hasty or unwise thing he may safely bid defiance to France and England. Those countries have plunged themselves into a diplomatic tangle from which they will not be able to extract themselves for some time, unless good fortune of some unexpected kind shall come to their aid.

—Reporter until after election 50cts.

A MAIL ROBBER'S STORY.

With heavy gyves clanking in dull, metalic ring at each movement, Henry W. Burton, confessed murder and mail robber, sat wearily on a bench in a cell in the Central Station, where he was brought from the prison in Detroit last evening by United States Marshall Matthews, of Michigan. Burton never smoked a cigar or pipe, or used tobacco in any other form, nor has he ever taken a drink of intoxicating liquor. He never swears and he said last evening that the sound of an oath cut him like a knife. He was born in Texas.

He said, "My father was a rich man, his name was White, and my right name is Samuel White. When I was thirteen years of age my father was shot by James Rown in a quarrel. It was when I was twenty-one years of age that I met Rown for the first time. It was in a camp in Rockdale county, Texas. I was told who he was. Stepping in front of him I exclaimed, 'You are my father's murderer,' and before he had time to draw a pistol I shot him through the heart I was arrested afterwards for the offense, and served a short term of imprisonment. After my discharge I began to career as a mail robber, or train agent. I worked without any assistance whatever, always alone. In April, 1867, I stopped a mail express in Rockdale county, Texas. There were fourteen passengers in the stage. You would hardly think that one man could intimidate so many, but I erected dummies that in the dark looked like men surrounding the vehicle Then made the passengers step out of the coach, one by one, after first attending to the driver and the guard by crippling them with a shot a piece from my revolver. As the passengers alighted I threw hoods over their eyes and fastened their hands behind their backs. I got four thousand dollars from this haul, but was arrested soon after and sentenced to an imprisonment for life. I was pardoned through the influence of friends within two years.

"I went to Colorado, I cannot tell how it was, but after drifting about for a while I returned to my old pursuit. One dark night about a year ago I learned that the stage on the road between Dreadnought and Aramosa, in Colorado, was full of passengers and carried a rich mail. I erected several canvas tents and built dummies that looked like men on both sides of the road. I barred the road with two poles, fastened crosswise. Shortly after midnight the vehicle came dashing along the road. The horses caught on the stakes and rolled to the ground. One by one I ordered the driver and passengers to alight. There were fourteen passengers, any one of whom could have knocked me down, for I am a cripple, remember; but out they came as gentle as lambs, looked at my dummy men and trembled with fear. After my trial in the September term of court, 1881, in Colorado, I was being taken from Chicago to Detroit when I disarmed the Sheriff and his two deputies who had me in custody. This was in the cars. I had the Sheriff's revolver pointed at his head. In an instant more I would have blown his brains out, but a passenger, Miss alice Smith, a lady whom I had never seen before, and whom I never met since, threw herself upon me, begging for the Sheriff's life. I think I am too tender-hearted. Escape was open for me, but Miss Smith called out, 'Think of the man's wife and children.' Without a word I handed the revolver back to the Sheriff and submitted without a sound of complaint to having shackles placed upon my hands and feet."

HOME OF THE HORSE.

There is no doubt that the original home of the horse is not Europe, but Central Asia; for, since the horse in its natural state depends upon grass for its nourishment and fleetness for its weapon, it could not in the beginning have thriven and multiplied in the thick forest-grown territory of Europe. Much rather should its place of propagation be sought in those steppes where it still roams about in a wild state. Herds have been seen by nations of riders of which we have historic knowledge, the Mongolians and the Turks, whose existence even in this day is as it were combined with that of the horse. From these regions the horse spread in all directions, especially into the steppes of Southern and Southeastern Russia and into Thrace, until it finally found entrance into other parts of Europe, but not until after the immigration of the people. This assumption is, at least, strongly favored by the fact that the farther a district of Europe is from those Asiatic steppes, i. e., from the original home of the horse, the later does the tamed horse seem to have made its historic appearance in it. The supposition is further confirmed by the fact that horse-raising among almost every tribe appears as an art derived from neighboring tribes in the East or North-ast. Even in Homer the ox appears exclusively as the draught animal in land operations at home and in the field, while the horse was used for purposes of war only. Its employment in military operations was determined by swiftness alone. That the value of a horse must originally have depended upon its fleetness, can easily be inferred from the name which is repeated in all the branches of the Indo-European language, and signifies nearly "hastening," "quick." The same fact is exemplified by the descriptions of the oldest poets, who, next to its courage, speaks most of its swiftness.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

LIMITED RAILROAD TICKETS.

A point of much practical interest to passengers travelling on limited tickets has just been settled by the Court of Appeals. The plaintiff had bought a ticket for a continuous passage from St. Louis to New York, to be used on the New York Central road from Buffalo to New York on or before September 26. With this ticket he took the New York Central train at Rochester instead of Buffalo on the afternoon of the 26th. Early on the following morning he was notified by the conductor that the time specified on the coupon had expired, and on refusing to pay the fare demanded he was put off the train. In the action for damages brought against it the company claimed that the plaintiff had no right to travel on the ticket after the 26. The Court of Appeals holds that, as the ticket had been punched by the conductor on the 26, the passenger was entitled to continue his journey till he reached his destination. The Court said: "When the plaintiff entered the train at Rochester on the afternoon of the 25th and presented his ticket and was accepted and punched, it was then used within the meaning of the contract. It could then have been taken up. So far as the plaintiff was concerned it had then performed its office. It was thereafter left with him, not for his convenience, but under regulations of the defendant for its convenience that it might know that his passage had been paid for. The coupon did not specify that the passage should be completed on or before the 26th, but that the ticket should be used on or before that day, and that it was so used it seems to us too clear for dispute." The effect of this decision will be to give passengers in certain cases, at least, a day of grace in addition to the time specified in limited tickets, unless as they are likely to do, the companies change the conditions on their tickets.—*Herald*, 21 inst.

Allie Mills, aged fourteen years, Mary Oglie, aged seventeen years, and Mary Jones, aged twelve years, all of Danville, Ill., committed suicide the other day by taking arsenic. Allie Mills gave as her reason that her father lived with a shameless woman. Miss Oglie's reason was that she was an orphan, and Mary Jones took the drug because the others did.

NOTHING IN THE WORLD EQUAL TO IT FOR THE CURE OF ULCERS, SCROFULA, ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, BOILS, SORE EYES, SCALD HEAD, OLD SORES, MERCURIAL DISEASES AND MALARIA. DOCTOR LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER. CATARRH, PHEUMATISM, ITCH, ALL FEMALE COMPLAINTS, FOR LOSS OF APPETITE, RAISES A STOMACH AND INDIGESTION. IT HAS NO EQUAL.

R. E. SELLERS & CO. PITTSBURGH, PA.

SELLERS LIVER PILLS FOR LIVER COMPLAINT.

Beware OF Fraud

BENSON'S CAPCINE PLASTERS

HAVE BEEN IMITATED,

And their excellent reputation injured by worthless imitations. The Public are cautioned against buying Plasters having similar sounding names. See that the word C-A-P-C-I-N-E is correctly spelled.

Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters

Are the only improvement over made in Plasters.

One is worth more than a dozen of any other kind.

Will positively cure where other remedies will not even relieve.

Price 25 cents.

Beware of cheap Plasters made with lead poisons.

SEABURY & JOHNSON,

Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

HARDWARE.

Jas. Harris & Co

ARE SELLING VERY LOW

REAPER SECTIONS and REAPERS.

And all kinds of Farming Tools,

RAKES, FORKS, SCYTHES, SPROUTS HAY FORKS, ROPE BLOCKS, ETC.,

As well as all kinds of HARDWARE, to meet all demands in this line,

JAS. HARRIS & CO.

Bellefonte.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PIMPLES.

I will mail (Free) the receipt for a simple VEGETABLE BALM that will remove TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES and BLOTCHES, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address, inclosing 2c. stamp, Box Vandell & Co., 12 Barclay st., New York.

CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge,) with the directions for preparing and using the same which they will find a sure cure for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA,

REPORTER Supplement.

St. Louis, June 15.—The first regular shipment of new wheat arrived here today, being a lot of fourteen cars from Southeast Missouri, eight cars of which is graded as No. 2 wheat. Samples of flour from Texas and Tennessee new wheat were exhibited on 'Change to day.

——Summer goods, new stock, and new styles, just unpacked, at the well-known headquarters for store goods, at Dinges' store. Ladies, new goods there, for you. Go and see them.

Topton, Pa., June 16—During a heavy storm this evening the barn of Henry Benfield, about two miles from here, was struck by lightning and entirely destroyed with its contents, twelve horses, a large lot of hay, harness and other farming articles. Loss estimated at $15 000. Insurance unknown.

——Fresh mackerel at Dinges' very nice and cheap. Try a kit, and more you'll git.

— DINGE'S! —

PLAIN TALK!

TO EVERY BODY.

—‖o‖—

READ THIS!!

—o—

I will keep up a FULL LINE OF GOODS, right along.

DO NOT FORGET THIS!

I especially call attention to MY STOCK of GROCERIES as being the Equal if not superior to any in the Valley.

☞I Guarantee Bargains—I mean that I will sell low, and only ask that people come and satisfy themselves of his from the prices asked.

WILL GIVE AWAY $1000! this year to cash customers, by aSystemof Checks. Each customer taking a $20 check sums purchased will be punch and when amount is full $1 will be thrown off the $20, besides having your goods lower than sold elsewhere

Bats.

One of the most wonderful cases of a large bat roost came to light in a town of New Jersey, where a house and fine lot were deserted by tenants, who were unable to stand the encroachments of these midnight marauders. As soon as the sun went down the house seemed surrounded by them, and was a window left open, the room would soon be the scene of wild confusion; the very air seemed alive with them. The place was called the "Bat-ery," and they were left in undisputed possession of the place until within a few months, when a gentleman taking possession, determined to unearth the mystery. He soon traced the bats to an unused barn, and a thorough investigation brought to light a wonderful sight The garret of the barn had never been used, so was boarded up, leaving only a few small holes of access, and through these the bats had passed, and for 50 years or more had lived there and multiplied. The room was one living mass of them, piled upon each other and hanging in every possible position. When the roof was broken in, they rose thousands upon thousands, in a cloud. The floor was covered to a depth of four feet with guano, mingled with myriads of bones of those that had died. It was a combined birth and burial place for all Jersey bat-dom. The owner, in relating the occurrance in a report to the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, states that without exaggeration there must have been over 500,000 bats in the place. The old building was destroyed, and since then only the ordinary number of bats have been seen.

DR G. W. HOSTERMAN,
Dentist, Centre Hall.
Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Ether administered. 14apr

CENTRE HALL
Carriage Shops.

J. O. DEININGER, Proprietor — J. W. HENNY, Superintendent

Manufacture and constantly keep on hand
CARRIAGES,
BUGGIES,
SPRING WAGONS,
SLEIGHS,
and all kind of vehicles.

All work made of the best material, and put together by mechanics of long experience. Hence all work from these shops is guaranteed.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

Prices low and all work turned out first-class.

COME AND SEE OUR WORK
jan27

WM. A. SANDO
MERCHANT TAILOR.
Shop oncorner of Church and Main st. Is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, on short notice, and good fits guaranteed, according to the latest styles. A large lot of samples always on hand. Workmen of long experienced in his employ. Inov y

PENNSVALLEY BANKING CO.
CENTRE HALL, PA.
RECEIVE DEPOSITS and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell GovernamentSecurities, Gold and Coupons.
WM. WOLF, Pres't — WM. B. MINGLE, Cashier

FOR SUNDAY REFLECTION.

Kind words are a balm to the wounded heart, food to the hungry soul.

There is a faith that saves, but there is no dogmatism that saves.—Verny.

The best hearer of the gospel is the man whose daily life experiences the truths that are spoken.

Vain-glorious men are the scorn of wise men, the admiration of fools, the idols of parasites and the slaves of their own vaunts.

Learning is wealth to the poor, an honor to the rich, an aid to the young and a support and comfort to the aged.—Goldsmith

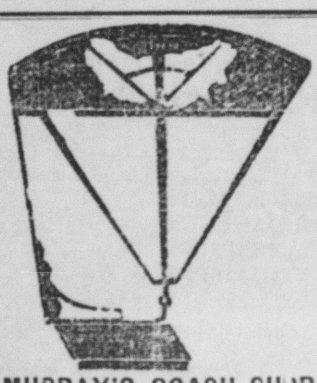
We must beware of treating Bible statements as a kind of jelly, to be run into whatever kind of moulds we think fit.—Good Company.

Diversity of worship has divided the human race into seventy-two nations. From among all their dogmas I have selected one —Divine love.—Omar Khayyam, Persian poet, 11th century, A. C.

The water falls on all creatures; on herb bush and trees and each draws up to its own leaf and blossoms according to its special need. So falls the rain of law on the many-hearted world.—Buddha. Hindu. 627-543 B. C.

As boys should be educated with temperance, so the first greatest lesson that should be taught them is frugality. It is by the exercise of this virtue alone that they can ever expect to be useful members of society.

It requires no little learning to be correct, no little study to be simple, and a great command of language to be plain. It is your uneducated, or at best your half-educated men who confound their audiences with great puffings of vanity and exhibitions of bombast.



MURRAY'S COACH SHOP

In successful operation for more than a quarter of a century, has attained a reputation for well finished and serviceable work, of which but few can boast.

BUGGIES,
CARRIAGES,
SPRING-WAGONS,
&c., kept constantly on hand.

All kinds of repairing done on short notice. The wood work of Bodies, Gearing and Wheels made and sold separately.

SHOP, COUNTY & STATE rights of

PATENT BOW TOP

for Carriages, for sale.

For further particulars, address **LEVI MURRAY**, Centre Hall Centre Co.,

15dectf.

There was a painful exhibition at Justice Bergen's Court, Brooklyn. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children had five miserable, drunken women, with nineteen starving, half-clad children before the Court. The children were sent to different institutions and the women were sent to the Penitentiary for six months each

——The new stock of calicoes just received at Brockerhoff's Centre Hall store can not be beat in the valley. Ladies call and see them.

All the American vessels of the European squadron in the Mediterranean are under orders to proceed to Alexandria to look after American interests.

And Brockerhof's
NEW STORE!
—AT—
CENTRE HALL.

Grand Opening
—OF—
NEW STOCK,
JOHN MULLEN,
Manager,
—AT THE—
–Hotel Stand.–

DRY GOODS,
LADYS DRESS GOODS,
CLOTHS, CASSIMERS
NOTIONS. FANCY GOODS,

Ready Made
CLOTHING
—FOR—
Men and Boys.

GROCERIES,

Coffee, Sugar,
Tea, Syrups,
Queensware,
Glassware,

BARGAINS!

Farmers will be allowed the highest price for all kinds produce.

The best bargains in Store Goods in the county.

Go to the New Store before purchasing elsewhere.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa., June 29 1882.

FREDERICK KURTZ, . . Editor.

TERMS—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. Yearly and half yearly ad's at special rates.

While our TWO LARGE ROOMS are crowded with cear by Customers, we always have PLACE FOR STRANGERS, and heartily welcome them to a share of our Bargains.

G. A. SPIGELMYER, & Co's "Fair,"
WHITMER & Co's "Supply Depot"
SPRING MILLS.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——The purest groceries in the valley, at Dinges' store. Try 'em, all ye housekeepers.

——The best sole leather, calf skins, kips, lasts, and everything wanted in manufacturing of boots and shoes at Graham's boot and shoe store.

——The democratic conferees of this senatorial district elected J. C. Hipple, of Clinton, as senatorial delegate to the state convention.

——Next week, being the 4th July week, no paper will be issued from this office, in accordance with an old established custom. Our readers will give us their kind indulgence.

——Daniel Frazer, of near Zion, called at our sanctum a few days ago. He reports heavy grain and hay crops in his section.

——Graham & Son make to order all styles of gents boots and shoes on the latest and most improved lasts. London, English, Opera and New York styles. Give them a call for first class work. Corner Brockerhoff row, lately occupied by Centre Co. Banking Co.

——Our old friend Jonathan Spangler, of Miles twp., informs us that they can raise tall rye down there too. He has a stock that measures 7 feet 6½ inches, net.

——Coats, pants, dusters, hats, and all kinds of men's summer wear, at the Dinges bargain store. Low prices and satisfaction guaranteed in every article sold.

— The Buffalo *Express* states that surveys have been begun for the Buffalo, Cayngo Valley and Pine Creek railroad. This is the last link in the narrow-gague system which is to connect Buffalo with the Pine Creek region. The whole system includes about three hundred miles of road.

——J. A. Beeber, Esq., Receiver of the Lycoming Fire Insurance Company, has published a circular to all owing assessments informing them that all assessments must be paid on or before July 1, as he will be compelled to enter judgement against all delinquents after that date.

——Boys' suits made a specialty at Brockerhoff's Centre Hall store. The most elegant lot of boys' suits in the county; also a full assortment of ready-made clothing for men.

——Mr. D. B. Geiss, of Will county, Ill., accompanied by his son Daniel and family, of Joliet, are back to our valley on a visit to old friends and former home. They left Illinois several weeks ago, and have been making a trip via Canada and Niagara Falls to Berks Co., all of which has passed off pleasantly. They paid their respects to the REPORTER and speak in glowing terms of Illinois where they have been living from 12 to 15 years.

——Mr. D. Dreibelbis, a staunch democrat of State College, called upon the REPORTER. Mr. D. reports crops in that section as good, bad and indifferent.

— Low prices and genuine goods, is the principle that Doll & Mingle go on in offering boots and shoes to the men and women of the county. No stock in central Penn'a exceeds theirs for variety, elegance, genuineness of material, low in price, and style. Work make to order and satisfaction always guaranteed, or no sale. How fair.

——Mr. John Bierly, an old and well-known citizen of Miles, died on Thursday, 22. Mr. Bierly had been ailing for some time, and had an attack of apoplexy from which he died on same day. His age was near 79 years.

—The Tyrone forges, which have for some time been silent, will resume their industrial hum ere long, and M. V. Smith, esq., superintendent of the McKeesport National tube works, as proprietor.

——Were you to see the new stock of clothing at the Philad. Branch? If not, then go at once, you will find low prices, best made garments, goods no shoddy, and all after latest styles. Lewins studies to please and he succeeds. He never yet was undersold, and has less profit on a suit of clothes than any other dealer in clothing in the state. Go and see for yourselves, and save money.

——A heavy thunder gust on Friday evening, and again on Saturday and Sunday afternoon.

——Read advertisement of Burchfield's new grocery, in Centre Co. Bank building. It is first class in its entire arrangement and supply of groceries, and will be maintained thus. Goods always fresh and pure and prices to suit the times. Mr. Burchfield is so well-known as a gentleman of strict integrity, that none will hesitate to give him their utmost confidence for fair dealing.

——It will pay every body wanting a pair of boots or shoes that they can depend on as being good and no shoddy to call at Graham's shoe store.

——Eight miles south of Genesee, Ill., Saturday, after preparing dinner for her husband and hired man, and while they were eating, Mrs. Landquest took her son, aged five years, to a cornerib near the house, cut his throat, and then killed herself. No cause is known, but the woman is believed to have been insane.

Puny, weak and sickly children, need Brown's Iron Bitters. It will strengthen and invigorate them.

——Alf. Diehl, of Watsonstown, popped in to see us on Monday. Alf. is always in some usefull business.

——The Warrentown *Virginian* tells the following snake story:—"Mr. Peter Reid, of Fauquier county, noticed a little snake, about a foot long, and before killing it he turned it over with the muzzle of his gun. To his surprise the snake run up the gun barrel and he could not get it to come out, so he let it remain. As he was going home he saw a hawk flying overhead and raised his gun and fired at it. The hawk was not hurt, but, seeing the snake in the air, started toward it and caught it on a fly. Mr. Peter Reid is a brother of a magistrate and a church member." Now for something about a sea serpent fired from a columbiad.

——It will pay you to call at the shoe store of Graham & Son if you want a pair of the best and latest style of boots and shoes in town.

——Brackbill's furniture is found in nearly every house in the county. People have got to know that he keeps the best made work, and that his prices are far lower than those of other dealers. It is the oldest reliable furniture establishment in the county, and customers are never imposed upon in any article. Home-made and city parlor sets and bed-room suits.

Important to Travelers.—Special Inducements are offered you by the BURLINGTON ROUTE. It will pay you to read their advertisements to be found elsewhere in this issue. jun8

MUSICAL COLLEGE.—The 21st session of the Normal Music School will begin at Freeburg, Pa., August 1st, 1882. For circular address, F. C. MOYER, 22jun4t Director.

We usually leave it to doctors torecommend medicines, but Parker's Ginger Tonic has been so useful in our family in relieving sickness and suffering, that we cannot say too much in its praise.—*Salem Argus.*

——Canned fruits, of best quality, at Brockerhoff's store. Try it. Sold cheap.

——Eleven cars and an engine were wrecked on 22, on the Lewistown and Sunbury railroad near the former place, and the engineer and fireman narrowly escaped serious injury. The train was loaded with coal and oil and was running very rapidly, when the locomotive struck a cow. The engine jumped the track and ran over an embankment some fifteen feet in height, dragging the train after it. Eleven cars were piled in an indiscribable mass and totally destroyed. Mr. Kauffman, the engineer, and Mr. Wimer, the fireman, jumped as the engine left the track. This act saved their lives. Both men were somewhat injured but not seriously.

——At Milton last week while workmen were excavating for a cellar on the lot of Follmer, next to B. K. Haag's residence on Front street, they discovered a human skeleton. The teeth were in a perfect state of preservation, but the bones crumbled to dust on handling them.

——For variety in carpets, Brockerhoff's Centre Hall store can't be beat in the county. Ladies call and see the stock and samples. Prices very low too—can't do better in the city.

——Have you been to Sechlers for those fresh mackerel, of this spring's catch? It is rare one has an opportunity to buy these fish so soon after being caught; if you want something in that line, truly good and nice, then go to Sechlers, where all goods, in their line are fresh and pure, whether canned, dried, or otherwise; spices unadulterated, same in sugar, coffee, teas, syrups—in short, no deception in any thing you buy of Sechler—all waranted pure and fresh.

——Mr. John Horner of Nittany mountain sent a box of strawberries to this office which are perfect monsters—they measure from 3 to 4 inches in circumference, exceeding anything we have yet seen for size of these berries, which are of the Sharpless variety, and plants can be bought from Mr. Horner.

——The Ninth Annual Tri-State picnic and exhibition of the Patrons of Husbandry will open at William's Grove, Cumberland county, August 21st and continue until August 26th. Excursion tickets will be sold over all the principal roads. Agricultural and scientific addresses by prominent farmers and statesmen will be given each day. There will be the usual exhibition of farm and domestic machinery and agricultural and horticultural products. Exhibitors and others desiring full information should write for circulars to R. H. Thomas, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

——Everything in season, for the table, fresh and pure, and in endless variety, at the famous grocery of Sechler, in the Bush house block. All their groceries are laid in with a view to the season, and this is done with scrupulous care. Housekeepers who get their groceries from this establishment are sure of having wholesome table food, and consequently less liable to complaints that set in with change of seasons, and invited by a disregard of the laws of health in the important matter of food. Keep the stomach in healthy food which will not upset it, and you will have little occasion to send for the doctor.

——The other day Dr. Huston and Al. Custard were driving along Nittany Hall, and the doctor's horse frightened. He became unmanageable, kicked the doctor on the knee, hand and head, upset the buggy, which was mashed to smithereens, and spilled the ocupants out.

——All the fashionably dressed ladies in the valley, get their dress goods at Dinges, because they know they keep up with the new styles and get goods on every week. The ladies know it.

——Our esteemed friend, George Knape, of Spring Mills, has sent two curious growths of potatoes inside of potatoes to this office, of which he makes this mention:

Enclosed find two potatoes for exhibition, as the potatoes have been examined by different persons and the like never known. You may think the smaller of these potatoes was cut open for the new one to come out, but, not so, it separated it itself as you will observe in the other one. I cannot give the name of the potatoes now. They were raised last year, and kept in a dry place all winter. Who can beat it?

——Subscribers who wish their REPORTER sent to the new office, Farmers Mills, should notify us.

——A. J. Grove, of near Old Fort, brought a lot of democratic wheat stalks to this office, measuring 6 feet 3 inches in length. Really, it looks as tho' things were returning to the good old days of plenty.

——James Hayes, of Lamar twp, Clinton Co., on last Thursday, in attempting to stop his team of horses which ran away was caught between the hubs of the weels and the fence, and had a number of ribs broken. Little hope of his recovery.

——On Monday of last week Henry Robb, the hotel keeper at Nittany Hall, was on his way to Clintondale mills. While passing Washington Furnace his horse scared and kicked the dashboard off. In the *melee* he lost one line, and the animal started off on a gallop. Observing that it was running for a tree, Mr. Robb (who has but one leg) left his crutches in the wagon and jumped out. In doing so he must have tumbled head over heels about thirty feet, bruising himself fearfully. The horse was caught at Clintondale, and in the meantime Henry sat down for a rest. Next day his body presented a bad appearance.

——All opposition to the Philad. Branch has wilted, and Lewins is king in the clothing business. He has the best stock of clothing, the largest assortment, and prices 25 to 30 per cent. lower than elsewhere. This is a fact, and Lewins will make it good. Only call at the Philad. Branch and the cash will bring you a handsome suit of clothes at wholesale prices, which no other store can offer, because the Philad. Branch clothing is mannfactured by their own house, and every article is warranted genuine.

——Saturday, Sunday and Monday were warm—the mercury was up to 88 and 90.

——Graham's shoe store is the place for the Army Sewed Shoes, easy and comfortable on the feet. Also, solid calf skin shoes for ladies and children—every pair warranted.

——The Philipsburg *Journal* claims four thousand inhabitants for that town, and the houses are being numbered. Glad they have got out of the woods. The REPORTER expects Philipsburg to be one of the largest towns in central Pennsylvania, inside the next decade.

——The woolen factory at Mill Hall, Clinton county, was burned down on last Friday night. Supposed to be the work of incendiaries.

——Mrs. Catherine Alexander, of Spring mills, sends a handsome bouquet whith her compliments to this sanctum, which is highly appreciated.

——The new advertisement of the Beehive, in this issue of the REPORTER, you should not fail to read. The Beehive takes the lead of all stores, has the best assortment of dress goods, sells at low prices, and guarantees satisfaction.

——We delay the REPORTER a day in order to be able to lay before our readers the ticket nominated by the democratic state convention.

Our Little Ones and Nursery, for July is at hand, and a fine number for the month and the favorite of the little folks.

——We enclose our 7th advertising supplement in this week's issue.

Beautiful skin, and fair complexion, robust health, and power of endurance follow the use of Brown's Iron Bitters.

ENCOURAGING.

Having been encouraged by the steady increase of business, I have remodeled, repainted and added to the external as well as to the internal appearance of my DRUG HOUSE, thereby making it more attractive to my customers. I would now thank my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, and solicit a continuance of the same. My stock is as near full as possible. I am in complete communication with the principal Drug Houses of New York and Philadelphia and am supplied with cuts and price lists, and anything in my line not kept in stock, will be sent for at once and delivered at the same prices that it could be bought at if you went or sent yourself. I buy my drugs for cash, pay no discounts, which enables me to sell just as cheap as any other drug store in the county. All business between dealer and customers strictly confidential. J. D. MURRAY.
jun22tf Centre Hall.

MADISONBURG CHIPS.

Haymaking is coming....Potato bugs are here....Look out for the coming race....Ira Shafer's mule is dead....On last Saturday A. L. Nestlerode killed a black snake which measured 9 feet four inches in length.....Cornelius Stover moulded 6,750 bricks in one day....B. Royer takes the cake on new potatoes, as he has some as large as wood-cock eggs....Ocker and Royer's railroad tie makers are on a strike for higher wages.....Five heavy thunder showers passed over this place on last Monday....We are glad to say that Daniel Grimm is out again, and a few days ago bantered the next oldest man in town, Michael Bierly, to run a foot race....Those seven girls that were displaying their diamonds so profusely were not in a Madisonburg street car....There will be immense basket picnic held in Feidler's grove immediately after harvest. The Programme of the day will consist of foot racing, egg peddling, climbing slippery poles, catching greased pigs, &c. All the latest games and novelties of the season will be introduced. MILES.

——Beats all! A bunch of rye stalks sent to this office, measuring 8 feet 7 inches in length, raised by Ban. F. Arney, near this place. This is hard to beat, and puts Benjamin right up head, where we guess he will stay to laugh at the little ones away below.

——The Woodward distillery, which was burned down some time ago, is about being rebuilt on a large scale.

——Rev. John Tomlinson and wife are at Gettysburg attending commencement.

——Mrs. Sarah Harpster is going to Petersburg to visit her friends and spend the Fourth.

——Maj. J. B. Fisher, R. G. Brett and Esq. Duck were visitors at the REPORTER office, Tuesday.

——Harry Teats & Co. have opened a new grocery opposite the Bush house, which is stocked with every article in the grocery line, that any family needs for table or other household use. Everything fresh and pure. All canned and dried fruits; sugars, coffees, teas, spices, fish, cheese, crackers, confectioneries, oranges, lemons, stoneware, queensware, soaps, tobaccos, segars, and a hundred other articles, needed every day in the household. All kinds of country produce wanted for which the highest price will be allowed. The public are invited to call at Harry Teats & Co's new grocery, and examine their goods, prices, &c., and satisfy themselves that the establishment is first-class throughout.

——Farmers are mowing; hay crop will be large; hay will be cheap, and horses and cattle will have plenty to eat.

——We have had an encouraging increase of subscribers in the last few weeks, with a drop-off of only two names. We can say with truth that our list is more solid than ever before.

Guiteau, no doubt, was hung on 30, but when we went to press we had no news of the execution.

ONE MAN ALMOST KILLED AND A BOY LOST.

The Lock Haven *Journal*: The other morning William Hayes, and two other persons, left their homes near Mt. Bethel church, to go to a saw mill for lumber for a barn. The parties could not be supplied with lumber for some reason, and started home. Mr. Hayes leeding off on the return trip. Our informant says that Dr. Devlin's team ran off, and that Mr. Hayes attempted to stop the horses either by reaching out of his own wagon, or by getting out in the road. At any rate he got under the horses and wagon. With Mr. Hayes in his wagon was a boy, whose name we have not learned. The boy suddenly disappeared and the strangest part of the story is that the boy has not yet been found.

Mr. Hayes' companion hurried to his assistance, and found him apparently lifeless, but on taking him to a neighboring house he was found to be alive. Blood ran from his mouth and nose, and as no physicians were near it was impossible to tell how badly he was hurt.

Sunbury, June 22.—William Whipple, Abraham Whipple and William Forest, who belong to an organized gang which has committed robberies and other crimes in this vicinity were arrested last night. Forest was found at his house at this place and made a desperate resistance. He drew a revolver, and, climbing on the roof of his house, defied the officers. He was finally captured, but escaped by jumping through a window in the magistrate's office. He was afterwards recaptured and lodged in jail. The Whipple brothers were found near Montandon, eight miles above here. One of them leaped through a window, and after a chase of half a mile through the fields, was shot in the back, but was not seriously wounded. Both were then lodged in jail.

The republicans of Union county have nominated the following ticket.

For Congress—Samuel H. Orwig, of Lewisburg, subject to District Conference.
For Assembly—Horace P. Glover, of Mifflinburg.
For Sheriff—Calvin M. Hayes, of Hartleton.
For District Attorney—John F. Duncan, of Lewisburg.
For Jury Commissioner—Abr. Mowery, of East Buffalo.
John F. Duncan, for dist. att'y, is a son of Wm. C. Duncan, formerly of Millheim.

COLORADO EXCURSIONS.

COLORADO ROUND TRIP TOURIST TICKETS *at greatly reduced rates*, via C., B. & Q. R. R., new Chicago and Denver Through Line, good during summer months and National Mining and Industrial Exposition in September are now on sale full particulars as to trains and rates can be obtained from any Coupon Ticket Office in the United States or Canada. 29jun4t

Spring Mills Market.

Wheat, $1.25
Rye 80c
Corn, ears, per bu. 70 c.
Corn, shelled. 90c.
Oats, 55c.
Buckwheat, 50c.
Barley 75c.
Cloverseed, 4 00 to 4.5 0
Timothy seed, 2.00 to 2.75
Plaster, ground per ton, $9.00
Flour, per bbl $6.00
Butter, 20c.
Tallow, 6c.
Lard, 12.
Ham, 15c.
Shoulders 10c
Bacon or side, 10c
Eggs per doz. 15c
Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble

The Bad and Worthless Are never *imitated* or *counterfeited*.

This is especially true of a family medicine, and it is positive proof that the remedy *imitated* is of the highest value.

As soon as it had been tested and proved by the whole world that HOP BITTERS was the purest, best and most valuable family medicine on earth, many imitations sprung up and began to steal the notices in which the press and people of the country had expressed the merits of H. B., and in every way trying to induce suffering invalids to use their stuff instead, expecting to make money on the credit and good name of H. B.

Many others started nostrums put up in similar style to H. B., with variously cunningly devised names in which the word "Hop" or "Hops" were used in a way to induce people to believe they were the same as HOP BITTERS. All such pretended remedies or cures, no matter what their style or name is, and especially those with the word "Hop" or "Hops" in their name or in any way connected with them or their name, are imitations or counterfeits.

Beware of them. Touch none of them, but: Use nothing but genuine HOP BITTERS, with a bunch or cluster of green Hops on the white label. Trust nothing else. Druggists and dealers are warned against dealing in imitations or counterfeits. (9)

FOUR MURDERERS EXECUTED.

Kingstree, S. C., June 23—Anderson Singleton, Lucinda Teasdale, Abraham Anderson and Boston Singleton, all colored, were hanged to-day, the two first for the murder of the wife of Anderson Singleton, who was Lucinda's half sister; the last two for robbery and arson. The execution was private. All the prisoners protested their innocence, except the woman, who said that she killed her sister in self defence. All died easily except Singleton, who struggled violently.

TREMENDOUS OIL FRE.

Bradford, June 20.—The rig tanks and 6,000 barrels of oil were burned at the Anchor oil company's wells, Cherry Grove, Warren county, this evening. Edward Gibson was burned to death and John Hughes seriously burned.

LAW FOR FARMERS—CATTLE IN THE HIGHWAY.

Mr. H. A. Haigh, LL. B., of Detroit, gives a resume of the laws on the above subject, in the *American Agriculturist* for June, from which we extract the following:

It is the general doctrine of law in this country that the land in the highway belongs to the owner of land lying along each side. With a few exceptions the American farm extends to the middddle of road, and the public has only the right to pass and repass there in an orderly manner, and the right to keep the way in repair. Every other use of the highway which does not interfere with the public right, belongs to the farmer owning the adjacent land. He owns the soil, grass, trees, stones, gravel; and everything else upon the surface or under it, and may use them all in any way that does not affect the public passage; and the law will protect his ownership in them just as much as though they were inside the fence. No other person has any more right to pasture his stock there than in inclosed lands; nor can he hitch his horse to a tree there without being liable for the tres pass, especially if the horse should gnaw the tree or do other damage, he can, in fact, only pas orderly along

As to road fences, the laws do not, with the possible exception of those in New York, impose any obligations; and the farmer may, if he chooses, remove such fences, without impairing his right of action against the owners of any domestic animals that enter and do damage by that means.

It a person lets his cattle go in the highway, he is liable for the trespass they commit by simply being there unlawfully; for the grass they consume, for the injury occasioned to the sod or by barking the trees, and for any other damage they may do. If they hook, or kick, or bite any person lawfully using the way, he would be liable for the injury. A man once turned his horse into a public place where children were playing, one of whom began switching the horse, which turned and kicked and killed the child. The man was convicted of manslaughter.

Notwithstanding the fact that the farmer owns the land of the road, he cannot use it himself for any purpose which at all interferes with the public rights there. He cannot put his wood piles, wagons or pig pens there; and if he does, and the traveler runs into them in the night and is injured, he would not only be liable for the private damages sustained—(Lindsley vs. Bushnell, 15 Conn. 225) but he may be indicted for obstructing a public way.

A dispatch from Durban announces that a civil war has commenced in Zululand. A large army under Dabuko, brother of Cetewayo, has defeated the chiefs Usibepu and Obam. It is expected that Dabuko will attack JohnDunn.

The Nation,

Since its consolidation with the New York *Evening Post*, has increased its facilities in every department, enlarged its size to twenty-four pages, and added many able writers to its previous list. It is now pronounced by many of its readers to be better than ever before.

Established in 1865, the *Nation* was a pioneer in this country as a weekly journal of literary and political criticism of the highest order, conducted free from the control of party or interest of any sort. Despite a precarious support during the first few years, it held persistently to its original aim until its financial success was assured. Meanwhile it had become a recognized authority at home and abroad, its editorial management has been unchanged from the first, and its projectors intend that, with their present facilities, the *Nation* shall become more than ever before the medium of the ablest thought of the time.

The form and style of the paper are chosen with a view to the most suitable shape for binding, and a set of the *Nation* preserved, bound, and indexed, makes the most complete and readable record of current events of importance in the political and literary world available for the American public.

The subscription price has been
Reduced to $3 per Annum.

Specimen copies sent on request. Address the Publisher, 210 Broadway, New York.

New Advertisements.

Burchfield's New Grocery.

NEW CENTRE COUNTY BANK BUILDING.

GROCERIES! GROCERIES!

THE New Store in the Centre County Bank Building, High st., Bellefonte Penn'a,

IS NOW OPEN
—AND—
STOCK FULL.

The goods on sale are the best the market affords, and sold at prices to suit all customers.

GROCERIES,
CONFECTIONERY,
GLASS WARE,
CANNED FRUITS
AND EVERY THING USUALLY KEPT IN A FIRST CLASS STORE.

Remember the Store is a new one opened on
Monday, May 1,
AND ALL GOODS CONSEQUENTLY NEW AND FRESH.

The patronage of all desiring fair treatment is solicited.

☞For quotations call and you will be convinced that a revolution has been effected in prices of all goods offered for sale.
jun29 W. E. BURCHFIELD.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Hannah M. Chamberlain, late of Bellefonte, deceased, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. R. G. BRETT, Adm'r,
16jun6t Pine Grove Mills, Pa.

BUTT'S HOUSE. BELLEFONTE, PA.
FRANK X. LEHAM, Proprietor.
Best brands of Liquors and Cigars on hand. Good accommodations for Travelers and Commercial Men. Also Beer bottler. Terms reasonable. 29junlf

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE,
RE-OPENING IN RESTORED BUILDING.
Both Sexes admitted. College and Preparatory Schools. Under care of Members of the Society of Friends. The main building destroyed by fire the ninth month, last, has been completely rebuilt, enlarged, and fitted up with all conveniences. Thorough instructions in Languages, Literature, Mathematics, and the Sciences. New Scientific Building containing Laboratories, Draft Rooms, Machine Shops, and appliances for pursuing a thorough course in Chemistry, Mechanical and Civil Engineering. The next term opens 9th month (Sept.) 13th. Apply early, as other things being equal, places will be given the earliest applicants.
For full particulars, address EDWARD H. MAGILL, Pres't., Swarthmore P. O., Delaware Co., Penna. 1juim

Lancaster, Ohio, June 20.—Army worms are making extensive havoc in the barley fields. Whole fields have been destroyed as effectually as if cut by machinery. As yet they have attacked nothing but barley. Their work in this section of the state is unprecedented in the history of the vermin.

There were forty-four deaths from yellow fever at Havana during the week ending on Friday.

There were eleven prostrations by the heat in New York city on Saturday and two in Brooklyn.

The army worm is marching through Cumberland valley.

MILL HALL WOOLEN MILLS BURNED.

The Lock Haven *Express*, of Saturday, says: About one o'clock this morning the woolen mill at Mill Hall was discovered to be on fire, and as the material on the inside was of an inflammable nature, the factory was soon in ashes. The building was owned by Robert Mann, and the machinery by F. M. Welsh & Bros. Loss on building, $6,000; insured for $3,350 Loss on stock and material, $7,000; insured for $5,000. The insurance was held by C. R. Gearhart, Esq., of this city. The fire was the work of an incendiary. Whether the factory will be rebuilt or not we could not learn.

THE GREAT

BBB EEE EEE H H I V V EEE
B B E E H H I V V E
BBB EE EE HHH I V V EE
B B E E H H I VV E
BBB EEE EEE H H I V EEE

ONE PRICE STORES

Bellefonte, Pa.

REASON WHY

$40,000 Worth of Goods can be sold Cheaper at the Celebrated

BEE HIVE ONE PRICE STORE

Than by any other concern in the State.

Not because we deal in everything—but just because we don't—as we have never lost sight of the Jeffersonian maxim, "He who aims to be Jack of all trades can be master of none."

We devote ourselves exclusively to the special lines which we thoroughly understand—buy exclusively for CASH and in

LARGE QUANTITIES,

Therefore saving the profit of middle men, which dealers in a *General Stock* have to pay and of which we always give our Customers the benefit. It being a well attested fact in consequence of our large and constantly increasing sales.

On account of the backwardness of the Season we have just gone through every Department and

MARKED DOWN OUR ENTIRE SUMMER STOCK.

You are most respectfully invited to come and look at a

NEW, CLEAN AND DESIRABLE STOCK OF GOODS.

We never allow any goods to become shop worn, but put them on the bargain counter at once. Besides we are daily in receipt of Noveltics from our New York Office.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT:

For the next 30 days, or until sold, we offer our entire Stock of Men and Boys

BOOTS AND SHOES,

at a reduction of 25 per cent, for the reason that we intend to give up that Department to make room for other goods.

Dry goods,
gents furnishing goods,
carpets, oil cloths,
hats, caps, boots & shoes,
MERCHANT TAILORING,

Cheaper than ever. Come and be convinced.

Very Respectfully Yours,

GOLDSMITH & BROTHER,

New York Office } 97 Frankin St. }

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS AND CAPS.
Allegheny Street,
A SURE POP WHIP OR CANE, OR MUSICAL WHIP OR CANE. THEY ARE SILK BRAIDED AND ASSORTED COLORS.
Remember only at
LEWIN'S PHILADELPHIA BRANCH,
BELLEFONTE PA

LOOK HERE BOYS.

10,000 to be Given Away! SURE POP and MUSICAL WHIPS and CANES.
THESE ARE NEW INVENTIONS—NOVEL, ATTRACTIVE, AMUSING AND DURABLE. THE LATEST AND BEST.
They are not for sale, we give them away to every purchaser of
—YOUTH'S, BOY'S or CHILD'S SUITS,—
A SURE POP WHIP OR CANE, OR MUSICAL WHIP OR CANE. THEY ARE SILK BRAIDED AND ASSORTED COLORS.
Remember only at
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READY MADE CLOTHING
A Specialty.
Allegheny Street,

SEEK

health and avoid sickness. Instead of feeling tired and worn out, instead of aches and pains, wouldn't you rather feel fresh and strong?

You can continue feeling miserable and good for nothing, and no one but yourself can find fault, but if you are tired of that kind of life, you can change it if you choose.

How? By getting one bottle of BROWN' IRON BITTERS, and taking it regularly according to directions.

Mansfield, Ohio, Nov. 26, 1881.
Gentlemen:—I have suffered with pain in my side and back, and great soreness on my breast, with shooting pains all through my body, attended with great weakness, depression of spirits, and loss of appetite. I have taken several different medicines, and was treated by prominent physicians for my liver, kidneys, and spleen, but I got no relief. I thought I would try Brown's Iron Bitters; I have now taken one bottle and a half and am about well—pain in side and back all gone—soreness all out of my breast, and I have a good appetite, and am gaining in strength and flesh. It can justly be called the *king of medicines*.
JOHN K. ALLENDER.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is composed of Iron in soluble form; Cinchona the great tonic, together with other standard remedies, making a remarkable non-alcoholic tonic, which will cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Weakness, and relieve all Lung and Kidney diseases.

The following incident is strictly true and occurred in a village within forty miles of Boston. An Irish laborer was taken to a concert for the first time and was asked how he liked it. "Well," he said, "I loiked it all ixcept a piece they called quarthet. They didn't know that at all. Furrust the two ladies began singing, and the min waited fur them to stop, but thin they got tired uv waiting and started in anyhow. But the ladies kipt on, as it was quite roight they should, and thin whin they all stopped singin' the gurrl at the piany she didn't know the piece was done and just kipt on a whoile by herself. They spoilt it intirely; but I didn't loike the piece anyway."—*Scare.*

DIED.

On the 14th instant, at the residence of J. Adam Kahl, her son-in-law, in Sugar Valley, Mrs. Mary Moyer, relict of John Moyer, dec'd, and grandmother of Rev. A. D. Rowe, the Lutheran missionary in India, aged 81 years, 2 months and 6 days.—*Clinton Co. papers please copy.*

On the 22 inst., in Miles twp., John Bierly, aged 78 years, 8 months and 27 days.

MARRIED

At the house of Mr. John Moyer, on the 17 of June 1882, by Rev. S. M. Roeder, Mr. J Henry Moyer of Potter Township to Miss Ellen E. Reninger of Gregg Township, Centre county, Pa.

At Centre Hall, on 22 inst. by Rev. S. M. Reoder, Mr. Calvin Osman, of Harris, to Miss Alice Runkle, of Potter.

UPSET SALE,

Commencing First Week of June.

Scotch people and old time folks know what is the meaning of an "upset sale." It is a term used when things are to be sold out to close estates, partnerships, etc.

We propose a sale of this nature. The prosperous season so far this year, the largest we ever had, encourages us to

Ring The Bells,

and call the people in to close out before the 4th of July, all of the

$750,000 Men's and Boys' Clothing

WE WANT TO SELL OUT to make purchases for fall.
WE WANT TO SELL OUT to keep plenty work going.
WE WANT TO SELL OUT to make some changes.
WE WANT TO SELL OUT to start again with a new stock.
WE WANT TO SEFL OUT to do a larger business than ever.

We Never Stop At Anything

to carry out our plans when we are in the right, and if the prices must be cut down, to gather the people,

Down Go the Prices.

Even if we sacrifice our profits for one month, the people have done generously by us for many years, and we are satisfied.

In a Nut-Shell, This Is it.

The practical point of all this is a radical reduction in prices from Juue 1st, They are all cut, some ten, some twenty, some thirty per cent., and some, on goods prepared specially for this sale, not at all. Compared with April 1st the average deduction is twenty-five per cent. Of the $750,000, merchandise now held by us, about $500,000 is involved in this sale. From the great list which might be made we only quote three items today, namely:

3000 pairs of men's Cassimere Pantaloons, made and making, strong, neat, durable, lately worth $3.50 now $2.42.

6000 men's suits, real standard Sawyer's Cassimere, made and making, late price $15.00 now two and a half dollars cheaper.

750 men's suits, eight styles, every garment freshly made, some of them sold freely at twelve dollars now nine and a half.

Our intent to-day is simply to tell all the people that quick trade prices are on all our clothing for this sale.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL,
S. E. Cor., Sixth & Market Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

A Pure Family Medicine that Invigorates without Intoxicating.

Parker's Hair Balsam.
The Best, Cleanest, and Most Economical Hair Dressing. Never fails to restore the youthful color to gray hair. 50c. and $1 sizes, at druggists.

FLORESTON COLOGNE.
A new and exceeding fragrant and lasting perfume. Price 25 and 75 cents.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you have Dyspepsia, Kidney or Urinary Complaints, or if you are troubled with any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves you can be cured by PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

There are hundreds of miserable sufferers daily dying from lung, kidney and nervous diseases who might be saved by using PARKER'S GINGER TONIC in time.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours. Ask your neighbor or druggist about it, or send for a circular to HISCOX & CO., New York.

50c. and $1 sizes. Great saving in buying dollar size.

DR. J. W. RHONE.
Dentist, can be found at his office and residence on North side of High Street, three doors East of Allegheny, Bellefonte, Pa. 27feb6f

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ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.
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Good Sample Rooms on First Floor.
☞Free Bus to and from all trains. Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 8junlf

LEWISTOWN
Marble & Granite
WORKS.
D. R. STRATFORD,
Proprietor, Lewistown, Pa.

The undersigned respectfully informs the public of Pennsvalley that he is prepared to do all kinds of work in MARBLE AND GRANITE at

Cheaper Rates Then Elsewhere

Write or call on Clevan Dinges for erms and designs.
I have accepted this agency with the view of introducing the work turned out by the Lewistown Marble & Granite Works.
Confident that I can furnish first class work at greatly reduced prices from what has been usually paid; all work warranted and erected on the graves.
Respectfully,
Mostly CLEVAN DINGES.
Centre Hall.

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Office in old Conard building, Bellefonte

S. R. PEALE H. A. M'KEE
PEALE & M'KEE,
Attorneys-at-law.
Office opposite the Court House, Bellefonte, Pa. 15sep tf

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS.—Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my 27

BUSH HOUSE.
W. R. Teller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june16y

JOHN BLAIR LINN,
Attorney-at-Law,
Office on Allegheny street, Bellefont. feb tf

C. T. Alexander. C. M. Bower.
ALEXANDER & BOWER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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Office in Garman's new building.

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ASK FOR 'GENESEE SOLE LEATHER IF YOU WANT THE BEST!
Calf Skins, Morocco, Linings, Lasts Thread, Nails, Pegs, Wax, Bristles, and all kinds of Shoe Findings on hand. We also make to order GENTS BOOTS, SHOES and GAITERS from the best of French Leather. Leave your orders and a perfect fit guaranteed.
E. GRAHAM & SON, Bellefonte

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BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upward made at home by the industrious. Many women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, honorably. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. 21dec

PE-RU-NA
HOUSEHOLD WORDS.
"For stick stomach, bad taste, sinking specls, and palpitation, rely wholly on PERUNA."
"For want of appetite, dyspepsia, indigestion, and low cond

Back-Bone.

When you see a fellow mortal
Without fixed and fearless views,
Hanging on the skirts of others,
Walking in their cast-off shoes,
Bowing low to wealth or favor,
With abject, uncovered head,
Ready to retract or waver,
Willing to be drove or led;
Walk, yourself, with firmer bearing,
Throw your moral shoulders back,
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—
Just the things which his must lack.
A stronger word
Was never heard
In sense or tone,
Than this: Back-bone.

When you see a theologian
Hugging close some ugly creed,
Fearing to reject or question
Dogmas which his priest may read,
Holding back all noble feeling,
Choking down each manly view,
Caring more for forms and symbols
Than to know the good and true;
Walk, yourself, with firmer bearing,
Throw your moral shoulders back,
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—
Just the things which his must lack.
A stronger word
Was never heard
In sense or tone,
Than this: Back-bone.

When you see a politician
Crawling through contracted holes,
For some fat position,
In the ring or at the polls,
With no sterling manhood in him,
Nothing stable, broad or sound,
Destitute of pluck or ballast,
Double-sided, all around;
Walk, yourself, with firmer bearing,
Throw your moral shoulders back,
Show your spine has pluck and marrow—
Just the things which his must lack.
A stronger word
Was never heard
In sense or tone,
Than this: Back-bone.

A modest song, and plainly told—
The text is worth a mine of gold;
For many men most sadly lack
A noble stiffness in the back.

WHO WAS IT?

We had just finished breakfast. Tom laid down the egg-spoon he had been playing with and looked across at mother.

"Aunt Anne, I think I'll take a wife," he said, exactly as he might have said, "I think I'll take another cup of coffee."

"Take a wife?" repeated mother, by no means receiving the information as tranquilly as it had been given. "What for?"

"Well, I don't know," answered Tom, thoughtfully. "It's a notion I've got in my head somehow."

"All nonsense!" said mother, sharply. "Do you think so?" said Tom, apparently doubtful, but not in the least put out.

"Think so? I know it. What in the world can you want of a wife? After all these years we have lived so comfortably together, to bring home body to turn the house upside And then what is to become oor child?"

"Poor child"—that was I—red- ing brought into the argu- was about to speak when Tom interposed, May knows I would never have a [illegible] who would make it less a home for her—don't you, May?"

"Of course," said I.

"And I'm sure she knows nothing of the sort," persisted mother, "nor you either, Tom Dean. How can you answer for that a wife may take it into her head to do, once you get her fixed here? You can't expect her to forget, as you do, that May has no real claim on you."

"That I have no real claim on her, I suppose you mean, ma'am," Tom put in for the second time, just as I was getting thoroughly uncomfortable. "But, for all that, I intend to keep her—that is," added Tom, with one of his shortsighted blinks sideways at me, "as long as she'll stay with me, eh, May? And whoever has anything to say against that arrangement will have to go out of my house to say it—not that I'm afraid of any such result in this case—and, on the whole, Aunt Anne, I should like to try the experiment."

Mother smiled grimly, but Tom was so evidently bent on his "experiment," as he called it, that she gave up the argument.

"You can dance if you are ready to pay the piper," she said, shortly. "And, pray, how soon do you mean to be married?"

Tom's face fell a little at this question.

"Well," said he, "I can't say exactly. I suppose we will have to be engaged first."

"What!" said mother, opening her eyes; "why, you never mean to say, Tom, you haven't spoken to her yet?"

"Not yet," answered Tom, cheerfully. "Time enough for that, you know, after I had spoken to you."

"Well," she said, "if it was anybody else I should say he was cracked; but you were never like other people, and never will be, Tom Dean. But, at least, you have fixed on the lady?"

"Oh, yes," answered Tom; "but if you will excuse me, Aunt Anne, I would rather not say anything about her just yet; for if—if anything should happen it wouldn't be pleasant for either party, you know." With which veiled allusion to his possible rejection Tom took his hat and left the room.

Our household was rather queerly put together. There is no particular reason why I should have been of it at all, for I was not really related to Tom, nor even to "mother," as I called her, though I am sure we were as dear to each other as any mother and daughter could be. She was the second wife of my father, who, like most ministers, had been richer in grace than in goods, and left us at his death with very little to live on. Then it was that Tom Dean had come forward and insisted on giving a home to his aunt and to me, whom he had scarcely seen a dozen times in his life before. That was exactly like Tom—"queer Tom Dean," as his friends were fond of saying, "who never did anything like anybody else." I suppose, in spite of his clear head for business, there is no denying that he was whimsical; but I am sure, when I think of his unfailing generosity and delicacy, I can't help wishing there were a few more such whimsical people in the world. Naturally at the time I am speaking of, my opinion had not been asked; all I had to do was to go where mother went, and, while she gave her energies to the housekeeping, give mine to growing up, which by this time I had pretty well accomplished. But perhaps for that very reason—for one sees with different eyes at twelve and eighteen—my position in the house had already begun to seem unsatisfactory to me; and the morning's words put it in a clearer light, since it had been used as an argument against Tom's marrying. I knew that mother had spoken honestly, believing that such a step would not be for his happiness; but was he not the best judge of that? I knew him, if reflection should bring him round to her opinion, to be perfectly capable of quietly sacrificing his own wishes for my sake, who had not the shadow of a claim on him; so it must be on my part to prevent his own kindness being turned against him now. Still, it was not so easy to see how I was to provide for myself in case it should become advisable. What could I do? Draw and sing and play tolerably, but not in a manner to compete with the hosts that would be in the field against me. Literature? I had read so many stories whose heroines, with a turn of the pen, dashed into wealth and fame. That would be very nice, only—I was not the least bit literary; I had never even kept a journal, which is saying a great deal for a girl in her teens. The "fine arts," then, being out of the question for me, what remained? There was some clerkship, or a place in some family, and—and there was Will Broomley!

That may seem like going away from the point, but it was not. It was matter-of-fact, but I could see well enough what was going on right under my eyes, and I had a pretty clear idea of what was bringing Will to the house so often as he had taken to coming lately. There was a "situation," then, that would give me the home-life I liked best, and felt myself best suited for; but—would it answer in other respects? I overcast the long seam I was sewing twice over, I was so busy trying to make up my mind whether I liked Will Broomley well enough to pass my whole life with him; and even then I had not come to any decision when I was called downstairs to Letty Walters.

Letty was the prettiest, I think, of all my friends, and certainly the liveliest. Tom called her the "tonic," and used to laugh heartily at her bright speeches. I suppose it was this that made mother fix on Letty as his choice. When I came into the sitting-room I found a kind of cross-examination going on. It was amusing to any body in the secret, as I was, to watch mother's artful way of continually bringing the conversation round, as if by chance to bear on what she wanted to know. But it all amounted to nothing, either because Letty was too good a fencer or because she really had nothing to betray. But when Tom came home mother took care to mention that Letty had called.

"What, the tonic?" said Tom. "Too bad I missed her."

"But for your choice being already made," said mother, with a covert scrutiny of his face, "I dare say you might have as much of the tonic as you liked."

"But I go on the homeopathic principle, you know," answered Tom, with a twinkle in his eye.

After that mother's belief in Letty's guiltiness wavered. Her suspicions were transferred from one to another of our acquaintances; but always with the same unsatisfactory result.

"It passes my comprehension," she said to me, despairingly, one day. "I am positive I could tell the right one by Tom's face in a minute, and yet I have mentioned everybody we know."

"Perhaps it is somebody we don't know," I suggested; "some friend of his we have never seen."

"What! a perfect stranger?" said mother, sharply. "Never talk to me, child; Tom's not capable of that!"

I was silent, for I did not want to worry her; but that was my opinion all the same.

The same evening—it was rather more than a week since Tom had hurled that thunderbolt of his at us—mother began about it openly.

"When are you going to introduce your wife to us, Tom? I suppose you have come to an understanding by this time."

"Oh, there's no hurry," Tom said, as he had said before; but this time did not speak quite so cheerfully. "The fact is," he continued, with a little hesitation, "there—there's a rival in the case."

"A rival!" repeated mother, with unfeeling briskness.

"Yes, a young fellow—younger by a good deal than I am," and Tom's face assumed an absurdly doleful look. "He is always there now." I confess I don't see my way clear; I'm waiting for her to make up her mind."

"And she's waiting, most likely, for you to make up yours," said mother, forgetting in her propensity to right matters that she was playing the enemy's game.

"There's something in that that never occurred to me," said Tom, his face brightening. Mother saw her mistake and made a countermove at once.

"But the ways of my time are old-fashioned now; young ladies nowadays take matters into their own hands. If she cared for you you may be pretty sure she wouldn't have waited till this time to let you know it—that is, I judge by the girls I am in the habit of seeing; but if this one is a stranger to me—" (here mother riveted her eyes on Tom's face; oh, dear, my unfortunate words!) "if she is an entire stranger I cannot pretend to form any opinion of her, of course."

"Of course," repeated Tom, absently.

"Not that I have any such idea," resumed mother, growing warmer. "I have said and I say again that to bring a perfect stranger under this roof is not my opinion of you, Tom."

I felt mother's words like so many pins and needles; for Tom was looking meditatively across at me, and, though that was just a way of his, it seemed now if he was reading in my face that the opinion was mine and that I had been meddling in what did not concern me. I felt myself for very vexation getting redder every moment, till it grew intolerable.

"It is so warm here," I said, for an excuse, turning toward the French window. "I am going to get a breath of air."

I went out into our little strip of garden ground; Tom followed. I thought I should never have a better opportunity to say what I had in my mind to say, so I waited for him by the bench under the old pear tree. "Sit down here, Tom," I said, "I've something to say to you."

"Have you?" said Tom; "that's odd, for I—well, never mind that just yet. What is it, May?"

"Tom," I said, still surer now he had misjudged me, and more resolved to set him right, "I want a place."

"A place?" repeated Tom, puzzled, as well he might be by this sudden and indefinite announcement; "what kind of a place?"

"I don't know," I said, for, indeed, my ideas were of the vaguest. "I thought you might, being in the way of those things. Now pray, Tom," I went on quickly, "don't fancy I am discontented, or—or anything of that sort; the truth is ever since I left off school I have wanted something to do, and had it in my mind to speak to you about it."

With this I looked at Tom, fearing he might be vexed; but he did not look vexed; only preoccupied.

"I do know of a place, as it happens," he said after a while, "only I'm not sure how it would suit you."

"That's soon seen," said I. "What is it like?"

"Well, it's a sort of—of general usefulness—"

"Why, it must be to run errands," said I, laughing. "And where is it, Tom?"

"Well," said Tom, hesitating again, "it's with me."

"How very nice!" I exclaimed. "How soon can I have it?"

"The sooner the better, so far as I am concerned," said Tom, and with that he turned and looked at me, and directly I met his eyes I knew somehow, all in a moment, what it was he meant; and I knew, too, both that I could not have passed all my life with Will Broomley, and why I could not.

I am sure Letty Walters, who interrupted us just then, must have thought my wits were wandering that evening, and indeed they were; for I was completely dazed with this sudden turn things had taken. But Tom, who had the advantage of me there, took it quite coolly, and laughed and talked with Letty just the same as ever till she went away.

It was pretty late when we went in. Mother sat where we had left her, knitting in the twilight.

"Wasn't that Letty Walters with you a while ago?" she said, as we came up.

"Yes," said I, with a confused feeling of an explanation of something being necessary; "she just came to bring the new crochet pattern she promised me."

"H'm!" said mother, as much as to say she had her own ideas as to what Letty came for.

Tom had been wandering about the room in an absent sort of fashion, taking up and putting down in the wrong places all the small objects that fell in his way. He came up and took a seat by mother. I became of a sudden very busy with the plants in the window; for I knew he was going to tell her.

"Wish me joy, Aunt Anne," said he, "it's all settled."

"Settled, is it?" said mother, in anything but a joyful tone. "So it's as I suspected all along. Well, you have my best wishes, Tom; perhaps you may be happy together after all, I'm sure I hope so."

This wasn't a very encouraging sort of congratulation, and Tom seemed rather taken aback by it.

"I'm sorry you are not pleased," he said, after a pause; "I had an idea somehow you would be."

"I did not know from what you ju'ged. But, there, it's no use of crying over spilt milk. You'll be married directly, I presume; I must be looking out for a house," and mother stroked her nose reflectively with a knitting-needle.

"What for?" said Tom; "I thought of keeping on here all the same."

"I never supposed otherwise," said mother. "Of course I did not expect to turn you out of your own house."

"But what is the need looking out for another, then?"

"Why, for myself."

"For yourself!" repeated Tom, in a tone of utter amazement. "Going to leave us—just now? Why, Aunt Anne, I never heard of such a thing!"

"Now, Tom," said mother, speaking very fast, and making her needles fly in concert, "we might as well come to an understanding at once on this subject. I am fully sensible of your past kindness—now just let me finish—I say I appreciate it, and have tried to do my duty by you in return, as I hope I should be always ready to do. I wish all good to you and your wife, and shall be glad to help her if I can, but to live in the same house with her is what would turn out pleasantly for neither of us, and, once for all, I can't do it."

"Aunt Anne," said Tom, pushing back his chair and staring in mother's excited face, "either you or I must be out of our wits."

"It's not me, then, at any rate," retorted mother, getting nettled.

Amusement and a certain embarrassment had kept me a silent listener so far, but there was no standing this; I tried to speak, but could not, for laughing.

"I think you are all out of your wits together," said mother, turning sharply. "What ails the child? It's no laughing matter."

"You don't understand each other." I gasped; "oh, dear! it's not Letty—oh—oh, dear!" and relapsed again.

"Not Letty?" repeated mother, turning to Tom. "Then why did you tell me so?"

"I never told you so," said Tom.

"Why, yes, you did," persisted mother. "You came in and told me you were going to be married."

"Yes, so I am," said Tom, still at cross-purposes.

"Now, Tom Dean," said mother, rising and confronting him, "what do you mean? who is going to be your wife?"

"Why, May, of course," answered Tom.

"May!" and then, after a pause of inexpressible astonishment, it was mother's turn to laugh. "Do you mean to say, Tom, it was that child you were thinking of all the while."

"Why, who else could it be?" said Tom, simply.

"Well," said mother, "I ought to have remembered you never did do anything like anybody else. But, still, why in the world did you go to work in such a roundabout way?"

"I wanted to see how you took to my idea?" said Tom.

"And how do you suppose we were to guess your idea meant May?" mother asked.

"Who else could it be?" repeated Tom, falling back on what he evidently found unanswerable argument. It was no use talking to him. Mother gave it up with a shake of the head.

"And you won't want another house then, Aunt Anne?" said Tom, suddenly. That set mother off again; Tom joined with her, and altogether I don't think we ever passed a merrier evening than the one that made us acquainted with Tom's wife.—*Kate Putnam Osgood.*

But One ContinuousHarvest.

The earth brings forth its harvest during the whole year, and while resting in one section it is bringing forth its fruit in another.

January sees harvest ended in most districts of Australia, and shipments made of the new crop, while in New Zealand, Chili and some other of the South American republics harvest begins.

February, March.—Upper Egypt and India begin and continue harvest throughout these months.

April enlarges the number with harvest in Syria, Cyprus, coast of Egypt, Mexico, Cuba, Persia and Asia Minor.

May is a busy time in Central Asia, Persia, Asia Minor, Algeria, Syria, Morocco, Texas, Florida, China and Japan.

June calls forth the harvestmen in California, Oregon, the Middle and Southern United States, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Hungary, Roumelia, Turkey, South Russia, Danubian States, south of France, Greece, Sicily, and in Kentucky, Kansas, Colorado, etc.

July usually sees harvest begin in the southern, eastern and midland English counties; in Oregon, Nebraska, Minnesota, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, New England, New York, Virginia and Upper Canada; in France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, Hungary and Poland.

August continues the gathering in the United Kingdom, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Manitoba, Lower Canada, Denmark and Poland.

September rules Scotland, parts of England, America, Sweden, North Russia; and in France buckwheat is harvested.

October sees wheat, oats, etc., gathered in Scotland, and corn in America.

November.—Harvest time begins in South Africa, Peru and North Australia; and in

December the Argentine Republic Chili and South Australia begin to reap their harvest.

'Tis always harvest somewhere in the world;
'Th' unwearied sun ne'er passes in his work;
His rising and his setting's but the blush
That mantles on the cheek of passing earth
In the bright levee-presence of her king.
The husbandman who seeds his English land
In dark November sows it whilst strong wheat
Grows ripe in Great Britain's austral plains,
Where Christmas-tide's the time for harvest-homes.
All days are golden, and the whole year but strings
On which the master-harper of the world,
The sun, is ever making harvest-songs.
—*London Graphic.*

Flying Machines for War Uses.

Germany and Russia are both pushing forward experiments in flying machines for use in war or otherwise. It appears that the direction in which these are working is the one likely to be successful. It ignores the ridiculous inflated gas-bag, which is enormous in size, difficult and costly to fill in war, and floats—a gigantic derelict—at the mercy of every current of air, a huge mark for the first gunner who can hit and bring it to the ground. Baumgarten, in Germany, and Baranovski, in Russia, adopt the principle of the inclined plane pressed against the air, and thus capable of some attempt at least to regulate its own course. In the kite the force that presses the inclined plane is the hand of the boy acting through the string. In the sail of the boat the resistance of the water to sidelong motion keeps the sail pressed against the wind. In flying machines the pressure is given by an engine carried by the machine and acting by means of fans of one sort or the other. The difficulty at present is the weight of engine and fuel; but with the development of electrical practical knowledge we may fairly expect to see accumulators which will supply the maximum of power with the minimum of weight. Then the problem of flying in still air will be solved. Whether we shall be able to ride the storm is another matter.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Passing around the hat is one way of getting the cents of the meeting.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

EASTERN AND MIDDLE STATES.

A GAME of poker in which $150,000 was lost in one "hand" has come to light in Newburg, N. Y., by a lawsuit. According to the published accounts Francis P. Weed, son of a millionaire; Dr. M. M. Hedges, a dentist, of sporting proclivities, and William M. Scott, all well-known Newburgers, sat down one day about a year ago to play poker. During the game Weed and Scott were each dealt a large "hand" by Dr. Hedges, and began to bet heavily. The bets rose rapidly until each had in the "pot" about $150,000. When the "call" came Scott showed a "straight flush," while Weed had four aces and lost the money. It is said that Weed protested against having to pay the full amount he had wagered, and after a general discussion it was agreed to compromise with him for $120,000. Mr. Weed paid $20,000 in cash and gave two notes for $50,000 each, payable in six and nine months. He paid the greater part of the n tes, but finally has concluded that Hedges and Scott were in collusion and that he had been cheated. He therefore seeks to get back his money by a lawsuit.

THE Maine Republican State convention at Portland nominated Frederick Robie for governor, and Thomas B. Reed, Nelson Dingley, Jr., and Seth D. Milliken for Congress. The platform declares that the right of every qualified voter to cast his ballot and have it honestly counted must be maintained by law impartially enforced. Free schools must be maintained and universal education secured. The present banking system is commended, and gold and silver are declared to be the only constitutional legal tender in time of peace, the dollar of one metal to possess the same intrinsic value as the dollar of the other. Unalterable opposition is declared to the abolition or reduction of the internal revenue tax on liquors. The Republican majority in Congress is thanked "for its firm stand against tissue ballot frauds," and confidence is declared in President Arthur's administration.

A LITTLE boy who sued a New York horse car company for the loss of his leg was awarded by the jury $20,000.

AT the hearing of Dr. M. M. Hedges, jointly charged with W. F. Scott with defrauding F. P. Weed, of Newburg, out of $150,000, the complainant in his examination testified that shortly after his losses at poker he had lost the further sum of $450,000 at a game of faro, played in Dr. Hedges' laboratory.

WHILE five miners were descending an air shaft in the Stanton mine at Wilkesbarre, Pa., their lamps came in contact with gas, and a terrific explosion occurred. One man was killed outright and three others received injuries of a probably fatal character.

CHARLES DAWSON, satinet manufacturer at Holden, Mass., failed with liabilities of $90,000 and nominal assets amounting to $110,000.

PAUL TULANE, of Princeton, N. J., has given $2,000,000 to the city of New Orleans, to be expended in the erection and endowment of a college for the education of young white men.

WILLIAM G. LAWRENCE, assistant postmaster of Sing Sing, N. Y., was arrested by United States detectives and taken to New York on the charge of opening letters and appropriating to his own use money contained in them.

WHEN the American ship Freeman Clark left Calcutta, India, on her last trip, she was commanded by Captain James S. Dwight. When the vessel arrived in New York First Mate William Williams was in command. Captain Dwight had been murdered by the steward and the cook of the vessel, both Malay Chinamen. While Captain Dwight was in his room one morning he was attacked by the two men—one armed with a hatchet and the other with a knife—and hacked to death. The Chinamen then ran amuck through the vessel, trying to kill every one who came in their way. After a desperate struggle they were both killed by the crew and thrown overboard. The murderous assault was caused, it is believed, by Captain Dwight's having ordered the Chinamen to stop smoking opium, and throwing their supply of the drug overboard when he found them disobeying his order.

NINETEEN firemen were injured more or less seriously by the fall of a roof at a fire in Boston.

MICHAEL DAVITT, the prominent Irish land league leader, credited with being the founder of that body, arrived in New York a few days since on an ocean steamer.

A HUGE labor demonstration, said to have been the largest parade of its kind that has ever taken place in this country, occurred a few days ago at Pittsburg, Pa. Three States—Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Ohio—contributed delegations to swell the ranks, and the number of workingmen who took part in the parade is estimated at more than 20,000.

PORTIONS of New England and the Middle States were visited by heavy thunder-storms more or less disastrous to property.

THE oil country in the vicinity of Bradford, Pa., was visited by a violent thunder-storm. Several large oil tanks, one of them containing 35,000 and another 32,000 barrels of oil, were ignited by the lightning and their contents destroyed.

SOUTH AND WEST.

A FIRE at Texarkana, Ark., destroyed property valued at $175,000.

A PREMATURE explosion of a blast in a Virginia City (Nev.) mine instantly killed two men, fatally injured a third man and seriously wounded a fourth. A similar accident in an Oregon mine killed the foreman and three Chinamen.

SPECIALS from the regions of the forest fires in Wisconsin state that at least 30,000,000 feet of standing pine have been destroyed in the Pike river pinery.

THE North Carolina Republicans at their State convention in Raleigh adopted the ticket nominated by the Liberal Anti-Prohibition convention.

A CREEK which runs through a portion of Indianapolis, Ind., overflowed its banks during a heavy storm and flooded a large part of the city. While a number of spectators were standing on a bridge watching the rising waters it suddenly gave way, throwing them into the torrent below. From eight to ten persons lost their lives.

THE four Brookfield bank robbers have been sentenced each to twenty-five years' imprisonment.

THE Arkansas Democratic convention at Little Rock nominated by acclamation Judge J. H. Berry for governor.

A CABIN near Winchester, Ky., occupied by ten colored men and one white woman, employes of a railroad, was swept away by a flood, and all the inmates were drowned.

WILLIAM JOHNSON, aged thirty years, killed his wife, aged twenty-five, at Xenia, Ohio, and then shot himself. The couple had been very unhappy together, and had been separated several times.

EX-GOVERNOR WILLIAM DENNISON, known as the war governor of Ohio, died at 9 o'clock the other morning at Columbus, aged sixty-seven years. He was governor of the State from 1860 to 1862, postmaster-general under Lincoln and Johnson, commissioner of the District of Columbia under Grant, and prominent in other public positions. He was president of the convention that nominated Lincoln and Johnson, was the candidate for the nomination of Vice-President against Wilson in 1872, and for senator, when Garfield was chosen, in 1880. He had been sick for nearly a year.

JAMES VAUGHN, who murdered William Watts, city marshal, at Famarca, Ill., last August, was hanged at Pinckneyville. On the same day Milton Yarberry, a cowboy, was hanged at Albuquerque, New Mexico, for the murder of Charles Campbell.

SIX persons—Mrs. John Seals and her two children, two children named Jankley, and a child named Jackett—were drowned while trying to cross a stream in Linn county, Kansas, in a wagon.

TWO men—Thomas Wall and "Trinidad Charlie"—in jail at Rico, Col., for murder, were taken out by a party of men and hung.

JOHN KING, a watchman on the United States dredge boat Essayor at New Orleans, went out sailing, taking in the boat with him ten boys. While returning home the boat capsized and six boys were drowned.

FOUR cowboys were killed in a fight with Indians on the borders of the Indian Territory.

HENRY HUDDESTON (colored), charged with assaulting a white woman, was hanged by a crowd at Winchester, Tenn.

MRS. LINGUIST, residing near Genesee, Ill., took her five-year-old son to a corn-crib near the house, cut his throat and then killed herself. The woman is thought to have been insane.

FROM WASHINGTON.

DURING May there arrived in the United States 141,035 emigrants, as follows: From England and Wales, 13,404; Ireland, 19,747; Scotland, 3,015; Austria, 4,290; Belgium, 100; Denmark, 2,700; France, 645; Germany, 41,747; Hungary, 646; Italy, 5,141; Netherlands, 1,947 Norway, 7,161; Russia, 1,986; Poland, 1,138; Sweden, 19,372; Switzerland, 1,849; Dominion of Canada, 10,622; China, 4,861, and from all other countries 664.

THE positions in the list of tariff commissioners made vacant by the declination of Messrs. Wheeler and Phelps were filled by the nomination of Alexander R. Boteler, of West Virginia, and William A McMahon, of New York.

THE President sent to the Senate the full list of nominations for the Utah commission, as follows: Ex-Governor Alexander Ramsey, of Minnesota, ex-Senator Algernon S. Paddock, of Nebraska, G. T. Godfrey, of Iowa, Ambrose D. Carleton, of Indiana, and James R. Pettigrew, of Arkansas.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A SPECIAL dispatch to the New York *Herald* a few days after the outbreak in Alexandria, Egypt, says: "Words fail to describe the state of panic in Alexandria. The streets are blocked. Carts are piled with the baggage of fleeing Europeans. All the men-of-war in the harbor are crowded with fugitives. The American frigate Galena is crowded with families claiming American protection. Revs. Joseph and Richard Smith, of New York and Baltimore, have taken refuge on board, the officers, though greatly inconvenienced, courteously giving up their cabins to the ladies. One American officer narrowly escaped while in the company of a British officer who was killed in the fight. The American government should issue a warning to its citizens in Egypt to leave immediately, and send a vessel to Ismailia, on the Suez canal, to receive the fugitives from Cairo, should communication between Cairo and Alexandria be cut off. The disturbance now transpiring was evidently premeditated, breaking out in several places at once. Europeans were dragged out of their carriages and murdered with sticks and legs of tables or chairs obtained by sacking the shops. In all there are forty-eight Europeans killed. The British consul is still in danger. Three officers of the British fleet were buried at sea to-day, the American marines presenting arms, and the officers and crew doffing their hats. I now learn that the prefect of police in Alexandria, with the assistance of a fanatic orator, organized the outbreak, the soldiers setting the example of sacking the shops. Many of the dead were killed by bayonets. The khedive arrived from Cairo this afternoon. He was coldly received by the population. He expressed himself greatly astonished at the agitation and excitement visible throughout the city. The natives declare that they will resist all intervention, Turkish or other. There are patrols throughout the city to-night. Soldiers are placed at every fifty yards." Another account says that 100 persons were killed in the riots. The khedive and Dervisch Pasha went to Alexandria in pursuance of orders from the sultan of Turkey.

THE outlook for the crops in Europe is promising.

GENERAL IGNATIEFF has retired from the ministry of the interior of Russia, and Count Tolstoi has been appointed in his place.

THE empress of Russia has become the mother of a female child.

HUNDREDS of Europeans left Egypt, by the advice of the foreign consuls. Not only women and children, but many large capitalists with material interests in the country, departed, leaving their property behind.

THE steamship Pera, trading between New York and London, struck an iceberg off Cape Rose, N. F., and foundered a few hours later. The steamship Lake Manitoba picked up two boats containing Captain J. D. Christie, of the lost steamship, and twenty-nine of his crew Another boat containing eleven men was supposed to be lost.

VENNOR, the Canadian weather prophet, makes the following prognostications concerning the weather during the summer, autumn and winter: "The general outlook for the summer season in southern sections is improving owing to the continuance of very windy weather in northern and western sections of Canada and United States. The probabilities, however, for the autumn months are increasing in severity on the same basis of reasoning. My theory of 'Wea her Relationships' is working in a telling manner all over the country. I now feel considerable confidence in predicting for the periods of the more prominent disturbances, thus I herewith reiterate my former statement respecting 'a very stormy autumn,' with early settling in of extreme severity and heavy snow-falls, reaching to remote southern points. We are likely to experience one of the coldest periods in a long term of years during the early part of the winter of 1882-83, but we will have the cold altogether. The latter portion is likely to be mild and open with a very advanced spring."

EVICTIONS in Ireland continue at the rate of 1,000 a week.

CAIRO, Egypt, has been deserted by all the Europeans who could get away. Those who were unable to leave fortified themselves in their houses. The number of Europeans killed during the riots in Alexandria is put by the latest accounts at 250. Many were thrown into the sea, and are being washed ashore daily.

FROM Victoria come reports of disastrous floods in British Columbia. The Sumas and Chilliwack prairies are like an inland sea Ten farms only have escaped destruction. Houses, fences and stock have been swept away, and the people are fleeing to the uplands for safety, as the river continues to rise steadily. The losses are enormous, as the whole country is under cultivation.

MORE than 10,000 Europeans have left Egypt.

THE French fishing schooner La Syrone, of Miquelon, N. F., sank and took down her whole crew with her, numbering seventeen hands.

FORTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

Senate.

Mr. Garland introduced a supplement to the Geneva award act providing for the claims of British owners of property seized when under the American flag....Mr. Brown's resolutions supplying each senator with a $1,200 clerk was rejected....The Senate bill fixing the relative rank and pay of certain officers on the retired list of the navy was defeated....The Senate refused to concur in the House amendments to the district water supply bill and ordered a conference....The House bank charter extension bill was reported from the finance committee with amendments.

The bill to establish the office of assistant secretary of the navy was reported adversely... Mr. Miller, of New York, reported from the commerce committee an original bill to provide for the construction of the Illinois and Mississippi canal and to cheapen transportation. Mr. Miller also introduced a bill authorizing the erection of a bridge across the St. Lawrence river.

Mr. Hoar introduced a bill to provide for the performance of the duties of the office of President in case of the removal, resignation, inability or death both of the President and Vice-President. It vests the succession to the presidency in the members of the cabinet in the order in which they were named in Washington's cabinet, beginning with the secretary of state and concluding with the secretary of the interior, and excludes cabinet officers not previously confirmed by the senate. Referred to the judiciary committee. Mr. Hoar, in reply to inquiries, said the scheme, while permanently arranging the order of succession, would remove the motive to take the life of a President-elect as a means of changing the administrative policy which the people are supposed to sanction at a presidential election.

The House bill to regulate the carriage of passengers by sea was passed....The joint resolution reappropriating $375,000 voted in 1877 to pay Southern mail contractors was passed....The House bill to extend the charters of National banks was considered and amended, without final action.

House.

Several Senate amendments to the District appropriation bill were not concurred in.... The Senate bill to increase the water supply of the District was amended and passed....A joint resolution was passed authorizing the secretary of war to erect a memorial column to Washington's headquarters, Newburg, N. Y. ....The legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill was further considered.

A resolution was passed recommending that the committee on appropriations provide for the payment to George Q. Cannon, of Utah, of his salary and mileage up to April 19, 1882, the day when the seat was declared vacant....The invalid pensions appropriation bill was reported and referred to the committee of the whole. The total amount appropriated is $100,000,000, distributed as follows: For army pensions, $97,640,000; for navy pensions, $1,800,000; for surgeon fees, $275,000; for allowances to pension agents, $275,000; for contingent expenses of pension agents, $10,000....Conference committees were announced on the army appropriation bill, the District of Columbia appropriation bill and the District of Columbia water supply bill.

Mr. Hiscock, chairman of the committee on appropriations, reported a joint resolution appropriating $33,000 to continue the work of scientific observation and exploration near the shores of Lady Franklin bay and at Port Barrow, Alaska. Passed....Among the bills passed was one granting a pension of $50 a month to Betty Taylor Dandridge, the daughter of Zachary Taylor.

An attempt to suspend the rules and pass a bill providing that hereafter collectors of internal revenue shall be appointed for a term of four years was defeated....The rules were suspended and the pension appropriation bill was passed....An attempt to suspend the rules and pass the bill appropriating $400,000 for the extension of the Philadelphia mint was defeated....The rules were suspended and the bill to regulate emigration was passed....The bill to establish a bureau of animal industry was passed.

A Terrible Cyclone.

One of the most terrific cyclones ever seen in the West brought death and destruction in several States. On the day after the storm the following dispatch was sent from Des Moines, Iowa:

"A tornado swept through Central Iowa late last night from northwest to southeast from twenty miles north of Des Moines. The town of Grinnell was struck by it and half of the town was left in ruins. The following dispatch was received from Grinnell early this morning:

"'Our city is half in ruins by a cyclone. From five to ten persons are killed and from fifty to one hundred wounded. Send doctors from Newton and Des Moines by special train. We have no wires working outside of the town. Send immediately, by order of the mayor of the city. Both college buildings and half of our best residences are flat on the ground.'"

A short time after 1 A. M. a special train bearing twelve physicians from Des Moines, Colfax and Kellogg proceeded to the scene of the disaster, reaching there at 3:40 A. M. A dispatch says that thirty-two are dead and 100 or more wounded.

Eight deaths are reported from Malcolm, which is entirely leveled and destroyed. Brooklyn has also suffered somewhat. Some eight students are badly injured, having been dug out of the ruins. The Chapin house has been turned into a hospital. Some of the most dangerous cases are being cared for there.

A later dispatch from Grinnell said that forty-one were dead and that five or six more could not live through the night. The surgeons report that the number of wounded exceeds 150. The number of houses destroyed is between 140 and 150. The total loss of property is estimated at $600,000. It is feared that the number of deaths at Grinnell will reach seventy-five. The path of the tornado is now well defined as having been about twenty-five miles long and half a mile wide, extending five miles northwest of Grinnell and twenty miles southeast. News has been received that Mr. James, his wife and two daughters and two other persons living four miles northwest of Grindell are dead. It is now thought that the loss of life outside of Grinnell will reach twenty-five and the total loss nearly 100.

Eight persons at least were killed at Malcolm Station, nine miles east of Grinnell, and several were killed in the farming district between those towns. A freight train on the Rock Island railroad was caught in the wind between Grinnell and Malcolm Station and was badly wrecked. A freight train on the Iowa Central road was also derailed just north of Grinnell.

A despatch from Kansas City says: "The most severe and destructive wind and rain storm that has visited this city in years occurred between 1 and 2 o'clock yesterday morning. The velocity of the wind was estimated at sixty miles an hour. The rainfall was heavy and the lightning terrific. Scarcely an exposed building in the city remained unshorn; chimneys were blown down, roofs taken off, and in many cases houses ruined. Among the more serious losses are the iron bridge, costing $10,000, between this city and Armourdale, three spans of which were carried away; the street railroad stables were damaged about $10,000, and the court house, which suffered to the same extent as Coat's opera house, lost its roof. All the hotels were more or less injured, and business houses and dwellings in every part of the city suffered. The total loss will probably reach $200,000. Information from the surrounding country shows that the storm was general and that great damage was done to crops and property."

A Cairo (Ill.) dispatch says: "A heavy wind and rain storm swept over this city about 3 o'clock P. M. to-day, doing considerable damage to roofs and trees and overturning about twenty box cars in the Illinois Central yards. The Vincennes wharf boat was unroofed. At the Beach Ridge a colored man was killed, and his wife, a white woman, had her arm broken by their house falling on them. The wheat crop along the narrow-gauge railroad was badly damaged. Telegraph communication being cut off from other points, the damage to this section cannot be estimated at present. At Metropolis City the storm was very heavy. The barge and wharf boat Ross, sank the steamer Jennie Walker, blew down the chimneys of the steamer Paris Brown, sank a coal barge, and blew the roofs off a flour mill and several other buildings."

At Leavenworth (Kan.) dispatch says: "A terrible wind-storm prevailed between 12 and 1 o'clock yesterday morning. St. Mary's Academy, four miles south of this city, suffered greatly. The main tower was blown down upon the school building, crushing in the roof. Ida Golden, Annie McDonald and Mabel McLanathan, of this city, and Mary Austin, of Carrollton, Mo., from eleven to fifteen years old, were instantly killed. Fifteen other girls were more or less injured. The Kansas Central elevator was blown down, causing a loss of $50,000. The loss in the city and county is about $500,000. Wheat is not seriously injured, but the fruit is half stripped from the trees. There will be, nevertheless, a good crop. An unknown man was blown into the river and drowned. Barns and houses were blown down and unroofed, trees were uprooted and general devastation was wrought."

Grinnell, Iowa, is a town of about three thousand people, and is situated on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific and the Iowa Central railroads. It is situated 121 miles west of the Mississippi river and fifty-five miles east of Des Moines. The country around it is a beautiful undulating prairie. The city is the site of Iowa college, many buildings of which are destroyed. An old resident described the approach of Saturday night's cyclone as follows: "The clock in the college, which is situated in the western end of the place, stopped at ten minutes of 9. The sky was red and ugly-looking in the southwest. There was not much wind at the time, could see off in the direction named, and apparently about three-quarters of a mile, two waterspouts, one of which was shaped like a chimney. The storm began about 9 o'clock. The wind had been blowing from the southeast for several hours. Then there came a lull for about ten minutes and it was likened to the stillness of death."

The storm was then heard approaching from the west with the noise of a dozen thundering railroad trains. The lightning was not seen by most of the people, but they had from three to five minutes' warning to flee to the cellars. When the terror came it struck the town in strips or furrows, and it continued blowing not over three minutes when the rain fell in torrents. The air was filled with the shrieks of the populace crying for help. The large spout to the north and slightly over the other was nearer to the south of it. They were twenty-five rod apart, and must have come together at the corner of West and Sixth streets.

There was a heavy noise like the firing of distant artillery for a few minutes, the like of which was never heard before. All at once the cyclone struck and the water came in columns, accompanied by the most terrific wind. It was continued about three minutes, possibly, and then all was over in the streets. The water was a foot deep. Those were terrible